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THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

PERHAPS it is necessary to answer the reclamations of the POPE, but, on the whole, the Emperor NAPOLEON, in his present position, would do well to abstain from argument. Great potentates seldom find themselves at liberty to tell the whole truth, and when they break through established conventions they are more than ordinarily solicitous to assert their profound respect for the rights or theories which they are disturbing. It is, consequently, easy for adversaries to point out logical inconsistencies in a policy which may in itself be rational and coherent. The Imperial apology for acquiescence in the separation of the Romagna from the Papal dominions is open to plausible objections, although the policy of declining and prohibiting interference in the affairs of Italy is in itself indisputably wise. It may possibly be true that the nomination of a Lay Governor and the establishment of a distinct Administration, would have enabled the POPE to maintain his sovereignty in the Legations; but the hypothetical assertion is at the same time open to dispute, and utterly inconsistent with the language uniformly held by the leaders of the national cause. Administrative reforms might have relieved the subjects of the Holy See from many of their intolerable practical grievances; but the people of central Italy wish not only to be exempt from tyranny, but to form part of an independent State. No lay viceroy of Rome could have bestowed upon them the feeling of self-respect and confidence which will belong to the free inhabitants of a North Italian Kingdom. The POPE and his supporters may fairly refuse to accept the confident assertion that any concession would have overcome the deep-rooted antipathy which had been engendered by ten years' experience of Austrian martial law. "Unfortunately," says the EMPEROR, "the POPE would not consent to my demands; and I have been powerless to arrest the establishment of the new rule." The POPE might reply that, if he had consented to the Imperial proposal without satisfying his Romagnese subjects, French intervention would still have been prevented by the same considerations which restrain it at present. "The Powers in Congress," it is said, "will not deny the incontestible rights of the POPE over the Legations; nevertheless, they will probably think it better not to have recourse to violence for subduing them, because it would be necessary again to occupy the Legations by the military for a long time, and this occupation would keep up hatred and ill-will among the Italians, and would perpetuate irritation, uneasiness, and fear." The majority of the Powers would be as little inclined to coerce the Romagnese into a new administrative condition as to reconquer them and keep them down for the purpose of perpetuating the old-fashioned Papal system. Armed intervention and permanent military occupation might be equally necessary in both cases, and the Court of Rome may be excused for insisting that it is the best judge of its own peculiar interests.

The letter to the POPE was despatched on the 31st of December, soon after the publication of the famous pamphlet. Within the last fortnight events have moved so rapidly that some portions of the document may perhaps have already become obsolete or impossible. The Powers, who have not yet assembled in Congress, can scarcely have authorized the guarantee which the Emperor NAPOLEON offers in their name, on condition that the POPE will renounce his dominion over the Legations. It would perhaps be possible to secure the possession of Rome and its environs to the ruler whose title is inseparably associated with the Eternal City. The remaining provinces share to a considerable extent the dissatisfaction of the Romagna; and it is not easy to understand how their allegiance is to be perpetuated without the interference of an overwhelming foreign force. It cannot be

supposed that England would undertake any share in a guarantee which could only be made effectual by an impossible exercise of force. No Government could send an expedition to Italy for the purpose of maintaining ecclesiastical rule, without incurring instant condemnation from the House of Commons and the nation. The EMPEROR's letter is, in truth, an apology for the non-performance of an impracticable task, and it is not surprising that he should represent himself as willing to have performed any service to the POPE, if only it had been possible to arrive at an understanding about the pressing question of the Legations.

The Holy See, on the other side, has no motive for abandoning the traditional policy of obstinate resistance. The eagerness of the French EMPEROR to explain away his conduct shows that the Church has still a considerable hold on his regard or his prudence. The POPE has nothing to lose by lamenting his disappointments, or by protests against the tergiversations of his cherished son. If the Legations are irrecoverably gone, they cannot be more hopelessly alienated by any amount of pious eloquence and indignation; and things have, within the last year, changed so rapidly, that a sanguine hierarchy may reasonably hope for some other revolution of fortune. An alliance between Austria and France, a breach between France and Sardinia, or a democratic outbreak in any part of Italy, might once more affect the policy of the Great Powers, and especially of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The organized agitation of the Romish clergy throughout Europe is still proceeding, and it has perhaps not yet produced all its destined results. While everything is unsettled, there can be no safer or easier attitude than that of an all-enduring and yet discontented martyr. The French have maintained the Papal power for eleven years since the letter to M. EDGAR NEY, without extorting a single concession from the Holy See; and it is not surprising that PRUS IX. should feel confident in the ultimate success of a piously immovable tenacity. It may be added, that many observant politicians and practical statesmen think that the probability of success is still on the side of the feeble and persecuted POPE. The people of Central Italy have scarcely made a single mistake, but it is not impossible that, before the question of independence is settled, they may become weary, or restless, or impatient. The great majority of European Courts detest all opposition to traditional and legitimate rights. Even in France, the political influence of the clergy is substantial and permanent, though it has of late years been greatly overrated both by friends and enemies. The *Moniteur* expresses a conventional belief that the POPE would not have uttered his allocution if he had previously had the opportunity of reading the EMPEROR's letter. The same counsels had, however, been previously conveyed to him in innumerable forms, and he had little motive for performing a political amputation on himself for the purpose of avoiding the loss of a limb.

It is not unsatisfactory to find that the controversy between the French EMPEROR and the POPE is embittered by the publication of rival manifestos. For the present, it is evident that the power of the priesthood will be set at defiance, and even at the next revolution of policy it will be difficult to recover the confidence which has been lost. The English Government, which is day by day denounced by the Irish priests and their adherents, will to a certain degree be screened from vituperation by the contumacy of a more orthodox potentate. The Italians must profit, while it lasts, by the fortunate division between the enemy whom they detest and the patron whom they respectfully distrust.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN PARTIBUS.

ANOTHER Roman Catholic—and not only a Roman Catholic, but a convert—has dared to say that his soul is his own. Sir JOHN SIMON has followed Mr. PETRE in pub-

lishing his refusal to join the demonstration of the English Catholics against the emancipation of the Roman people. Any evidence of independence of mind in a son of the infallible Church is most welcome to those who would gladly be convinced that Roman Catholicism does not wholly disqualify a man for doing his duty as the citizen of a free country. Of late serious doubt has rested on this question. That the ancient religion of Europe was not always the necessary enemy of liberty is proved by historical instances in abundance. Roman Catholics founded the liberties of the Italian cities, the Flemish cities, the Hanse towns, and Switzerland. Roman Catholic barons, as we are often reminded, were the authors of Magna Charta, though, as we cannot help at the same time remembering, they were excommunicated by the Pope for their pains. The apparent inclination of Papal nations to despotism is probably rather a coincidence than a case of cause and effect. The nations generally disposed to freedom—political as well as religious—naturally joined the grand spiritual revolt of the Reformation. The nations generally disposed to submission—political as well as religious—as naturally remained in their spiritual servitude to the Holy See. But there is one essential characteristic, not so much perhaps of Roman Catholicism in general as of that special modern development of it known to a grateful world as Ultramontanism, which is totally opposed to the proper discharge of a citizen's duty in a free State. The Ultramontanists are absolutely devoid of independence of mind. To exercise a perfectly free judgment on all political and social questions, and to decide solely with regard to the interests of justice, is the first duty a freeman owes to the community of which he is a member. It is the test of his allegiance to the principle on which all political liberty is based. Renouncing this duty, he becomes little better than a conspirator, and conspiracy is the only term which adequately designates the combined political action of the Roman Catholics for sectarian purposes in free and Protestant States. It is perfectly notorious in Ireland that many of the most influential laity, and some even of the more enlightened members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, are opposed to Dr. McHALE's crusade against the system of national education; but Dr. McHALE has a majority of the Synod with him, and the minority of the Synod and the laity follow that majority like a flock of sheep. It is equally notorious that the attempt to force the Government to take part against the liberties of Italy is really disapproved by many English Roman Catholics; yet but very few have dared to abstain, and two only have ventured to protest. As to the recent converts to Roman Catholicism, they of course exhibit, as a class, the ordinary phenomena of recent conversion. With them, Holy Church in the wrong is an object of even more ecstatic sycophancy than Holy Church in the right. The will of their "Father and King" the Pope, is blessed and adorable when just, and, when unjust, it is more blessed and more adorable still.

Sir JOHN SIMEON not only takes the right side, but he adopts the right line of argument in its defence. He peremptorily refuses to enter into any discussion as to the character of the Papal Government, or the means by which its authority has been shaken in the revolted provinces. He will not allow that red herring to be drawn across the scent. He grounds his determination on the indefeasible right of every people to choose its own form of government, according to its own requirements or its own predilections. Let the Papal Government be admirable and seraphic. Let those who wish to substitute constitutional liberty for the Papal Government be detestable and diabolic. Still, one nation has no right to force an admirable and seraphic Government on another against its will, or to prevent it from setting up one which is detestable and diabolic, if it pleases. If the Papal Government is as good as its sympathizers maintain, it can need no foreign support. It must be firmly enthroned in the hearts of the people. If it is not good, what sort of a religion, or what sort of a Church must that be which, to preserve it from dissolution, requires gross injustice to be done to a whole nation? But, say the promoters of the demonstration, the Papal Government is endangered, not by the disaffection of its own subjects, who are too sensible of the blessings of the mild and paternal rule under which they live, but by the intruding emissaries of revolution from without. This is a subterfuge which can scarcely deceive even those who clamorously employ it. Who ever heard of a Government, supported by the love of its own subjects, being overthrown, or seriously imperilled, by foreign emissaries? What effect did the

Jesuits, backed as they were, not by a discredited party, but by the great monarchies of Europe, produce by all their intrigues against the Government of ELIZABETH? What effect have the intrigues of foreign emissaries ever produced when the Government rested on the free allegiance of the people?

We are ready, however, while condemning the conduct of the Roman Catholics, to make every allowance for the trying moral situation in which at this moment they are undoubtedly placed. They see what they consider the very keystone of their Church's organization in imminent danger of being removed, and it is asking a little too much of mortal faith to expect them to witness this process with calm indifference, in the conviction that the Church deprived of her organization will be still the Church, and continue, a disembodied spirit, to rule as before over the hearts of the faithful throughout the world. After all, the Papacy is the Established Church of old Catholic Europe, in the same sense as the Anglican Church is the Established Church of Reformed England; and that sort of emancipation from the body of State endowment and political ascendancy which might reasonably be dreaded by the most undoubting Anglican, may as reasonably be deprecated by the most undoubting Roman Catholic. Logic, no doubt, is inexorable, but frail humanity must be allowed to kick and scream a little in its iron grasp. The throne of PETER, wherever it may be, is, in the eyes of the faithful, eternal; but even the faithful would rather see it stand where it is, and where it has been from the beginning. Their imagination is appalled, though their convictions may be unshaken, by the prospect of seeing the POPE, with the Curia, the Conclave, the *Collegium Romanum*, and the Propaganda bivouacking over Catholic Europe, and subsisting on the alms of the faithful. Could we behold without disturbance the Archbishop of CANTERBURY separated from the "temporal dominion" of Lambeth, and lighting his Apostolic fire with his chaplains under a hedge? Amidst such startling and afflicting circumstances, with the POPE uttering meek allocutions and requesting the Powers of Evil to conduct him to immediate martyrdom, an ordinary Roman Catholic may be excused for taking rather an oblique view of facts, for shrieking a good deal, and for indulging in a good deal of vituperation. Even if he sends money to the POPE, he will probably not do worse than his antagonists have done on the other side, and we are all effectually estopped from objecting to the intervention of his prayers. He has no natural passion for Perugian massacres or the *régime* of ANTONELLI. He does not, consciously at least, desire to see anybody compelled to submit to misgovernment in the interests of the Church; but he may, not unpardonably, be very blind to the fact of misgovernment, and very apt to believe that the outcries which he hears are merely the ventriloquism of the Revolutionary party throwing its lying voice into the bodies of the contented Roman people. Only the higher minds—among whom we are glad to class Sir JOHN SIMEON—can act implicitly on the conviction that religion never can require her votaries to be blind, or to worship her with the unholy sacrifice of tyranny and injustice.

We make allowance, then, for the moral difficulty in which the ordinary Roman Catholic is placed. And we distinctly recognise his claim, equally with the Protestant, to influence the foreign policy of his Government. He has as good a right as any other possessor of the suffrage to control the conduct of his representatives in the House of Commons, and he has as good a right to control their conduct on the question of Italy as on any other question. It is habitually assumed that the foreign policy of England ought to be that of a Protestant nation. But it must be the policy of a Protestant nation comprehending five millions of Roman Catholics, the equals of the Protestants in political privileges, in the faculty of gregariousness, and in the power of making a noise. A Protestant policy directed by a nation so constituted will never be clear and straightforward, but always halting, timid, and deceptive; and such the "Protestant" policy of England in Italy has invariably been. The bold advances of Whig emancipators are necessarily followed by curtain scenes with their Irish supporters in the House of Commons, which "sickly o'er" the native hue of the original resolution with a paler cast, and lend a disagreeable tinge of treachery and desertion to the general result. Discredit and suspicion—inevitable discredit, and suspicion too well founded—are the only result England has ever reaped from the faltering machinations of her

propagandist diplomatists. Non-intervention in the internal affairs of foreign countries, while our own political and religious divisions prevent our interfering with singleness of purpose, is the only honest as well as the only safe policy; and it is the policy which, whatever Roman Catholics may say or insinuate to the contrary, the present Government, so far as we can see, has hitherto pursued. Of course England has a right to demand the same forbearance on the part of other Governments, and to repress by remonstrance, and, in case of need, by stronger measures, any attempt on their part to break through a principle which is respected on her own. Of course she will also, in accordance with her established traditions, and with the dictates of international law, recognise any nation which shall have asserted its independent existence, and any annexation by consent of the parties which shall have become an accomplished fact. If the Roman Catholics will not acquiesce in this, they put themselves in the position of open violators of political morality and outlaws from its pale. And if the Italians are not satisfied with this, they will be pleased to remember that English and Irish Ultramontanism is the work of their own hands, and that all the intrigues and fabrications by which their crafty and ambitious race formerly established its ecclesiastical dominion upon the ruins of the independent Churches of Christendom are now bearing their natural fruits in the shape of retributive justice. They made Romanized Europe their wash-pot, and Romanized Europe, or what remains of it, is now casting out its shoe over them.

THE AMERICAN MESSAGE.

MR. BUCHANAN is not only, as he states in his Message, one of the oldest public men in the United States, but he is also one of the few statesmen in the country. The Democratic party, from its long monopoly of office, is the only American school in which statesmanship can be learned, and yet it seems unequal to producing politicians who are anything better than factious intriguers. The characteristic of statesmanship is to deal with circumstances as they arise, and the growth of such a science is impossible within the circle of a party which has of late years been distinguished for forcing all its members alike to subscribe a vast number of dogmatic positions on almost all the points of politics which can possibly emerge. Mr. BUCHANAN's connexion with the Democrats makes itself felt in the unqualified opinions to which he commits himself in respect of Cuba, Mexico, and the American claim to San Juan; but the better influences under which he was originally trained are seen in the comparative moderation of his language, and in his abstinence from inflammatory appeals.

It is interesting to observe the mode in which a public man of this stamp addresses himself to the great domestic question which now troubles the United States. From his view of the difficulty, we may perhaps gain some idea of the spirit in which the Fathers of the Republic would have met it, could it have been foreseen in their day. The Constitution of the United States marks out, of course, the legitimate limits of political action and discussion; the Supreme Court is the proper interpreter of the Constitution; and accordingly, the decisions of the Supreme Court ought to be regarded as possessing equal authority with the text of that famous instrument. Mr. BUCHANAN takes his stand, therefore, on the notorious DRED SCOTT decision. He accepts, with all its consequences, the doctrine that no coloured man can be a citizen of the United States, and indeed gives it a needlessly universal application, as we have seen from the strange correspondence with the American Secretary of Embassy in this country which has just been printed in the newspapers. He lays down unreservedly, after the judges of the constitutional tribunal, that everything which by the law of any State is considered property must be treated as property when removed into the Territories of the Federation, until those Territories become new States with constitutions which embody a different rule. On the other hand, he declares in energetic language against the re-establishment of the African slave-trade. Probably, up to the time of the fourth or fifth President, the ground thus taken would have been considered not only strong, but absolutely impregnable. Before a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, interpretative of the Constitution, the whole country would have bowed its head. The misfortune of the present day is that there is now disagreement on the first principles of constitutional

law. The idolatrous reverence professed toward the Constitution by the statesmen of the last generation is, to say the least, sensibly impaired, while something like positive contempt is felt for the juridical declarations of the Supreme Court. Though it still includes some lawyers of repute, the Bench of that tribunal is filled by vehement partisans of Democratic opinions, and the drill and organization of the Democratic party are so perfect as to crush independence of thought in the strongest intellects. The DRED SCOTT decision was too opportune not to excite something more than suspicion. In the very nick of a critical time, the Supreme Court, having simply to decide whether a person of negro extraction could have recourse to the tribunals of the United States, took occasion to give an authoritative opinion on almost every question which had been at issue in the contest between Colonel FREMONT and Mr. BUCHANAN. A feeble notion of this scandal can perhaps be obtained by supposing that, in the last general election but one, a Whig Judge had taken advantage of a running-down case in the Chinese seas to declare judicially that the Canton authorities were not justified in their seizure of the famous *Lorch Arrow*. Even if the circumstances under which the judgment of the Supreme Court was pronounced had not been such as to discredit it, it would have been in the highest degree irritating to the great mass of the American people. Though it were technically correct, it only established that the authors of the Federal Constitution had been guilty of a slip. Nobody can doubt for an instant that they intended to exclude Slavery from all the unsettled territory on the North-West of the United States; for, while as yet assembled in a Congress with only limited powers, they enacted that no slaves should be held in those dependencies, and then, when afterwards united under the Federal Constitution in the present Congress of the United States, they renewed the prohibition. But the Supreme Court decides that, in the Constitution which these same persons drew up meantime, they used language which estopped them from subsequently prohibiting slavery in the Territories. If so, it was certainly an inadvertence; and the manifest improbability of such a blunder, joined to the other incidents of the DRED SCOTT decision, has naturally strengthened the impressions of those who affirm that the constitutional law laid down by the Supreme Court is altogether erroneous. It follows that President BUCHANAN's position, though possessing the advantage of a legal sanction, has all the weakness which characterizes the particular legal doctrine on which he takes his stand. And the worst is, that the higher the sanctity claimed for the decisions of the Supreme Court, the more is popular respect for the Constitution impaired. If a gainsayer of the DRED SCOTT judgment be necessarily a questioner of the Constitution, the result is that the Constitution will be questioned. The sentiments of the North on the subject of slavery are now too highly wrought to be quelled either by constitutional fictions or by acts of the Constitution itself.

Mr. BUCHANAN's proposals for direct intervention in Mexico are startling enough. The effect of marching a United States army into that country, whatever the pretext, will be to ensure the triumph of what is called, by a pleasant fiction, the Constitutional party. With this party Mr. BUCHANAN identifies American interests, and he openly proposes to assist it because it favours the United States. What this will come to, Englishmen ought to know pretty well, for the process has its exact counterpart in our Indian experience. A dispossessed faction in a Spanish-American Republic corresponds exactly with a pretender to an Indian throne, and the policy of Mr. BUCHANAN is precisely that of many an English Governor-General. First, for the honour of the United States, the Constitutionists will have to be maintained in power against all comers. Shortly, they will misconduct themselves, as every faction in that miserable country has misconducted itself, and will continue to do; and then the American Government will be ashamed of the atrocities committed under the shadow of its Protectorate. Nothing will afterwards remain except annexation; and so full in view is this consequence that it is idle for Mr. BUCHANAN to confine his suggestions to the acquisition of a few outlying and unpeopled provinces. The probability is, however, that Congress will refuse him the powers which he asks; for there is moderation enough remaining on all sides to feel disrelish for the bitterness which would be added to existing controversies the moment the question arose whether any newly acquired territory should be slave-soil or free.

MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech at Birmingham is principally remarkable for its calculated dulness, and for the apparent decline of his popularity which it indicates. It seems that the local magnates of Liberalism for the most part refused to countenance the demagogue whom they chose two years ago as their representative. The agitation, which was always irrational in its pretexts and unjust in its objects, seems for the present to be not even popular. The professional politicians of all parties who have successively affected to believe in the necessity of a Reform Bill, find that they have all abandoned their posts like an army in a night-panic, in fear of an imaginary assailant. The approaching debates will present curious illustrations of conscious or half-conscious insincerity. The Ministers will bring forward a measure which they suspect to be noxious, because they know that the House of Commons would otherwise insist on a policy which is believed by the vast majority of its members to be useless and mischievous. It is provoking that the popular demand should wholly die away at the very moment when it is met by a timid concession. The sole orator of the democratic party can scarcely, on the eve of the Reform session, collect a favourable audience in the most Radical town in the kingdom. It is scarcely fair to attribute all the responsibility of the general blunder to Lord JOHN RUSSELL. The colleagues and opponents who most bitterly denounce his restless vanity and ambition have themselves adopted or professed similar opinions without the excuse of even a superficial belief in the expediency of constitutional change. The position of the Government and of Parliament is, in fact, so artificial and absurd, that Mr. BRIGHT, not unnaturally, distrusts the permanence of his unexpected success. His Birmingham speech is intended to reassure the timid supporters who had been alarmed by the menace of fiscal plunder as the immediate consequence of a redistribution of political power. For such an object it was worth while to be tiresome, and, with few exceptions, to abstain from threats and from insults.

There are probably minds which are impressed by the statistical truisms of Reform; and it cannot be denied that a million electors form but a small minority in a population of nearly thirty times that number. Mr. BRIGHT asserts that Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S Bill will only raise the constituencies to a million and a-half, so that an enormous body of English subjects will still remain without a direct voice in the choice of members. If his anticipations are realized, the forthcoming measure may perhaps prove comparatively innocuous; but there is no reason to suppose that either the electoral bodies or the Legislature will be in any degree improved by the change. The actual franchise admits all the intelligence and education of the country; and yet the most populous districts are exclusively controlled by the lowest class of electors. The addition of sixty per cent. to the constituency of a large town will not add a single voter from the upper or middle classes of society. In the great majority of cases, the representation of the borough will be controlled by the small householders between 6*l*. and 12*l*. of rental; and there is no reason to suppose that the successful candidates will attain a higher standard of ability or of honesty than at present. Marylebone, Finsbury, and the Tower Hamlets supersede all conjectural speculation on the tendency of a low household franchise. Different opinions may prevail as to the merits of the metropolitan members, but it must be admitted that they are not returned by the refined or wealthy portion of their nominal constituents. The richest and most highly cultivated community in the world—the occupiers of the miles of streets and squares which extend from Regent-street to Bayswater and to Chelsea—are as powerless in an election for Marylebone or Westminster as in a contest for the West Riding. The present Ministers by no means wish to extend or confirm the exclusion which already exists; but the Reform Bill which has now become inevitable will necessarily operate in that direction. Mr. BRIGHT has larger objects in view; but for the present he prudently confines himself to a support of Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S expected measure. If it passes, it will enable him to agitate with increased effect for a further change in the representation, and a failure—which he would perhaps not regret—would enable him to point to his own moderation, and to urge the inutility of half-measures.

It seems hardly worth while for the author of the Birmingham letter and of the Liverpool speech to assert that he has not shown himself hostile to the aristocracy. Mr. BRIGHT

has repeatedly declared that the owners of property receive from the produce of the taxes more than they contribute to the total amount. If half the statement were true, it would go far to justify the animosity which its author has so long laboured to excite. As it is utterly false, it can only have been suggested by a desire to provoke the discontent of the multitude. In the latter part of his address, Mr. BRIGHT sneered at the national defences in the tone of a critic who feels that his censure will produce little effect. The country may regret the necessity of spending vast sums on the army and navy, but it is not alive to the alleged absurdity of arming at the same time to render an invasion impossible. The only cause which enables France to maintain a larger army than England is to be found in the oppressive burden of the conscription; for volunteers must be hired in the open market at a price which would be wholly superfluous in connexion with a general pressgang. It seems strange that even a mob-organizer should attribute the increased expenses of defence to the influence of a privileged military class. The reconstruction of the fleet has been rendered indispensable by the progress of steam navigation, and by the formidable preparations of France. It is assuredly not for the purpose of providing young aristocrats with commissions that the Emperor NAPOLEON has made Cherbourg impregnable, and all but outnumbered the English navy. Of the millions which have been laid out on new screw vessels not a shilling has gone into the pocket of the landowners or of the peers. If the proposed fortifications are carried out, contractors, engineers, and labourers will divide the profit amongst them. The Volunteer corps will scarcely cost the country anything, and the duties which they undertake are by no means unwelcome to a spirited population. The assumption that all outlay, every exertion, and every sacrifice is an unmixed evil, is happily as much opposed to common feeling as it is inconsistent with elevated morality.

The manufacturers of the North will scarcely thank Mr. BRIGHT for his recommendation that Trades Unions should devote their energies to political purposes. The habits of organization which belong to the operatives greatly increase the danger of all the popular projects of reform. The new electoral majority, if it acts apart and in concert, will be doubly irresistible. A strike may be starved out, but a political combination of voters may safely defy all efforts to maintain or re-establish freedom of election.

LORD COWLEY'S MISSION.

IT is natural that considerable anxiety should be felt to know what is the nature of the mission which Lord COWLEY is said to have brought to a successful issue, and which the *Moniteur* has taught its readers to think of such importance. The French press has been led to indulge in a variety of speculations on it, and has made it the text for a great number of neat and plausible solutions of the Italian problem. Curiosity on this side of the water has been rather baffled than satisfied by the arrival of a mysterious telegram, purporting to be an extract from a letter, and telling us the history of certain negotiations between France and this country. Such announcements ought to be received with the gravest suspicion. Unless this telegram was virtually a communication from the French Government, it was worthless; and, on the other hand, it would be a most glaring abuse of the telegraphic system if a Government were to use it as a means of suddenly flooding Europe with its own private and irresponsible account of current transactions. However, the telegram did not come to much. Historically, it may be interesting to know, if the statement be true, that last August Count WALEWSKI prevented the EMPEROR from joining with Lord JOHN RUSSELL to upset the treaty of Zurich before it was signed. But as the Italian question assumes a new phase every twenty-four hours, negotiations that failed five months ago are as immaterial now as the treaty of Zurich itself. That negotiations are now going on between France and England is what concerns us, and Mr. REUTER'S correspondent throws no light on their purport. We do not pretend to say exactly what is their scope or drift, or even whether any negotiations are going forward at all. But if negotiations are in progress, and it is not clear what Lord COWLEY'S mission is, it is at least tolerably clear what it is not; and a very slight consideration will enable us to ascertain what kind of proposals it is possible for the English Cabinet to entertain.

It has been suggested that the EMPEROR desires that a compact should be entered into between the two countries, by

which England and France, having settled the fate of Italy, should combine to carry their scheme into execution, and defy the world to oppose it. The EMPEROR knows that he might as well wish that the moon should fall into his lap. No Ministry would last a week after it became known that it had even for a moment looked favourably on any project of armed intervention in Italy, or of an active alliance with France in Europe. It is not often that England is unanimous, but if ever the nation was unanimous, it is unanimous in its determination not to go to war in Italy. The reasons that prevent our interfering by arms are permanent, and cannot be changed by the politics of the day assuming a new aspect. They do not in the least depend on any supposed doctrine of non-intervention. England never held this doctrine nakedly and abstractedly, and never will. Although we deeply sympathise with the cause of Italian freedom and independence, we remain quiet during the struggle, because we are not going to make ourselves responsible to Italy for the ultimate consequences of receiving French assistance; and as the struggle is in some measure a religious struggle, it would be quite out of place for a Protestant Power to adjudicate on the differences that agitate the Catholic world. The objections to employing the strength of England in the affairs of Italy do not shift or lessen from time to time—they are as strong one day as another. The feeling against any entangling alliance with France is also much too powerful in this country to permit Ministers to consider the question of co-operation with the French EMPEROR on an open one. Of course the EMPEROR, by his recent policy, has to a certain extent conciliated English sympathies. The boldness with which he has confronted the clergy must raise him in the estimation of every impartial observer. But we prefer observing him from a distance. We do not wish to be mixed up with him or his policy, and experience has now abundantly proved that, so far as the alliance between the two countries does good, it is far more successful when the action of each Power is as independent and unfettered as possible.

The French papers have amused themselves with shadowing out the sort of arrangement they would like to believe the basis of Lord COWLEY'S mission. They hint that France must get a little tangible advantage out of the war, and then all would be easily settled. France cannot permit the annexation of Central Italy to Sardinia, unless she, too, gains in territory. As the French journalists in their humility express it, the position of France would be endangered if a powerful kingdom were erected in North Italy, and no provision were made to protect France against the Power she had created. Accordingly, she must have Savoy and Nice. England, it is hinted, is to acquiesce in this, in order to gratify the Italians, and is to use all her influence to procure the assent of the other Powers. As no one knows the plans of the EMPEROR, it is impossible to say that he may not intend to offer a barter of Central Italy with the ancestral possessions of VICTOR EMMANUEL; but we may safely say that it would be very bad policy on his part—going to war for an idea would be put in so very ridiculous a light if it turned out to mean going to war for Mont Blanc and Mont St. Bernard. The position of the EMPEROR would be immeasurably lowered both in Italy and Europe; and it cannot be for his interest to let the Italians pay him for his services to them. What he wants is an outstanding debt of gratitude that he can at any time call on them to redeem. Nor is it clear that Savoy would be much gain. Perhaps the vanity of the French might be gratified by the acquisition, but it is sure to find food for itself, and can easily be guided by an adroit Government into pluming itself on rejecting so petty an advantage as the gain of territory. Then Savoy might be a thorn in the EMPEROR'S side. The Savoyards do not wish to be transferred to France; and although they could not help themselves if the transfer were decided on, they might prove an element of some importance in the struggle that must soon take place between the lay and the spiritual powers in France. Savoy is the stronghold of the Catholic and aristocratic party in Piedmont; and an influx of bigoted noblemen, strongly attached to their priests, and leading a population desirous of remaining aloof from France, might give much more trouble than they are worth. The statement that France is in danger from Piedmont unless it secures the passes of the Alps, is too ludicrous for serious refutation. Even if France wished for Savoy, it is difficult to suppose that any English Ministry would help her to get it, and still less that this would be done directly and in contempt of other Powers whom England is bound by every tie of honour to consult.

We need not go so far to find a field in which the intervention of England might be at once legitimate, useful, and honourable. The parties to the Italian quarrel are in a fix. A new arrangement must be come to, but who is to settle what it is to be? England happens to be the best go-between. It may turn out that one or other of the contending parties will have to take rather less than they wish for; and England will be able, not only to propose, but to recommend, the sacrifice. The sympathy of England with Italy is so indisputable that the Italians may rely on the advice given them being given in a spirit of sincere friendship, and they need not be ashamed to accept what England pronounces to be just and reasonable. On the other hand, Austria may be willing to listen to the counsels of a country which has a greater interest than any other power in seeing Turkey protected and France balanced by a strong Government at Vienna. In spite of her bitter complaints that she was deserted by her allies, Austria received considerable benefit in the campaign from the protest which England made in her favour. She would soon find the difference if she incurred the unqualified reprobation of the only European State where public opinion expresses itself freely, as she could not fail to do if she resumed the war for the purpose of subduing Central Italy. She could not carry on the struggle for six weeks unless Russia would undertake to keep down Hungary; and Russia might naturally hesitate before she decided to challenge the general opinion of England and Europe. The English Government is therefore by no means powerless as a negotiator; and although we cannot look for much wisdom in the Court of Vienna, yet if any neutral Power could persuade Austria to take the course obviously dictated by a wise regard to her own interests, it would be England.

SAN JUAN.

ANY citizen of the United States who happens to be influenced by European susceptibilities must feel serious annoyance at the tone which is adopted by his Government in its intercourse with foreign nations. American public opinion, as it prevails among the sovereign masses, demands that, even when a wrongful claim is waived or suspended, concessions should be couched in language so offensive that they almost look like encroachments. Mr. BUCHANAN and General CASS have not thought it actually worth while to make the outrage committed by their officer at San Juan the excuse for a profligate and unnecessary war. The Federal Government even deserves some credit for the scheme of eking out its own authority by the personal influence of General SCOTT; and as the collision is for the time postponed, it is useless to criticise the unsatisfactory arrangement which at least allows time for an amicable settlement. Having, to a certain extent, performed an obvious duty to an unoffending and friendly Power, the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY OF STATE considered that it only remained to assure their fellow-citizens that they were as little as possible influenced by consistency, justice, or good feeling. The paragraph in the Message which refers to the San Juan dispute is, according to well-established precedent, framed on the principle of avoiding the tone or the language which any gentleman would use in conducting his private affairs. Three or four years ago, the English Minister, was contumeliously dismissed from Washington on the ground of a constructive contravention of the municipal law of enlistment. When an officer of the Federal army has perpetrated a deliberate insult against England, his superiors, even while they practically disavow his proceedings, are careful, not only to abstain from censuring his conduct, but to adopt as far as possible the frivolous pretexts which he had assigned for his act. If the Americans will not allow their chosen representatives to display candour or good breeding, foreigners must in some degree tolerate a defect which seems inherent in a democratic Government. When Mr. BRIGHT has Americanized his own country, English diplomacy may perhaps revenge itself by the use of affronting language to every neighbour who can be relied on as pacific and tolerant.

General HARNEY was probably appointed to his command in the North Western district in compliment to the zealous defenders of the peculiar Southern institution. He had long before proved his sincere attachment to the cause by flogging a slave-woman to death with his own hands. His respect for the rights of foreigners had been cultivated by a participation in Filibustering speculations at New Orleans; and on the whole, Mr. BUCHANAN had reason to believe that the

"war-editors" throughout the Union would be gratified by the choice of a congenial functionary. General HARNEY himself may possibly have hoped for the nomination to the Presidency, which has remained unusually long in abeyance for want of a candidate. The discovery of the gold-fields on Fraser's River had collected a rabble of adventurers in the neighbourhood, and it was easy, in those thinly-peopled regions, to find a debateable land between the States and the English possessions. On the island of San Juan there were two or three American squatters, who may perhaps have been in the secret with a view to a spirited land speculation; and if they had not contrived to pick a timely quarrel with their English neighbours, they would have been more or less than free and enlightened citizens of the Great Republic. General HARNEY landed a body of troops on the island to defend his countrymen against certain apocryphal Indians, and he then proceeded to invent or borrow a fable about an English sheep which had been shot, and a consequent arrest of the American wrong-doer for trial at Vancouver's Island. When Mr. DOUGLAS publicly declared that the whole story was fictitious, the invader insolently affected to receive his statement as an apology, announcing at the same time that he must protect his countrymen against any possible aggression. In any public document but a President's Message, the reappearance of General HARNEY's falsehood would have been at least surprising, but Mr. BUCHANAN professes to think the adoption of the legend due to the feelings of the subordinate whom he has been compelled to supersede. His compliment to the moderation of the English Admiral may perhaps be intended as a covert censure on his own unscrupulous officer; but a manly and generous apology for a wanton aggression would have been more creditable to the character of the Government, and to the nation which it represents.

With the limited faculties possessed by Englishmen, it is impossible to divine the grounds of the American claim on San Juan, but since the question has been recognised as open, it is evident that it ought, as soon as possible, to be settled by arbitration. There are, unluckily, no potentates or statesmen on the Western side of the Atlantic sufficiently independent and respectable to undertake the task, but there could be no objection to refer the question to any European Sovereign. There is, in this instance, little opportunity for the sharp practice by which Mr. WEBSTER secured an extension of the territory which had, as he knew, been defined on FRANKLIN'S map. The claims of both parties rest on the construction of a few words in a recent treaty. The boundary follows a parallel of latitude westward to the coast, and then deflects to the south along the mid-channel of the Straits of Fuca. If the middle of a narrow sea is situated close to one of the shores, Mr. BUCHANAN'S alleged confidence in the right of the United States will be borne out by the decision of the arbitrator. In such a contingency, the honour of England will be saved, although a foreign post will be established inconveniently near to Vancouver's Island. A more probable sentence will enable future Admirals on the station to deal summarily with armed intruders from the States. The prudence and patience which the English Government has shown during the whole of this unpleasant transaction may be accepted as a proof that no reasonable settlement of the difficulty will, on their part, be neglected or refused. Mr. BUCHANAN may possibly desire to keep the question open for the purpose of providing an excuse for some future quarrel. On the other hand, it is possible that the discourtesy and disingenuousness of his language may be compatible with a disposition to be reasonable and just in practice. If arbitration is ever to be available in an international difference, it is especially applicable to the disputed title to San Juan. The litigant who rejects so obvious a solution will be responsible for all the ill results which may follow his refusal.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

IF the experience of the last few years has not been wholly thrown away, it must have taught every thinking man to judge of the relations between England and France by what is done rather than by what is said. One cannot express how utterly futile all verbal declarations must be in such a matter; and yet, with little more than outward professions to justify it, there seems to be growing up in some quarters a disposition to believe that a substantial change has come over the designs of the most inscrutable and powerful of the Sovereigns of Europe. Some colour is, or is supposed to be, given to such

pleasant hopes by the recent policy of the EMPEROR; and it is worth while to consider how far such an inference is reasonable, and whether there may not even now be some secret chuckling at the Tuileries over the facility with which some Englishmen catch at the merest shadow of a coming era of peace and confidence.

The events of the last few weeks amount, after all, to very little as indications of amity on the part of France. In Italian affairs, NAPOLEON has, it is true, made a decided step in the direction to which the wishes of England have steadily pointed. At the same time, he has prepared energetically for a joint campaign against the barbarians at whose hands the arms of Britain and France have met with a repulse. A more significant fact was the sudden suppression of the rancour which had been manifested by almost the whole of the well-drilled press of France. The publication of the remarkable conversation in which an Englishman responded with inconceivable simplicity to the transparent sophisms of the French apologist also deserves to be noted as one of the means employed to mitigate the distrust of the English people. Set against these facts the unremitting activity with which the force of the French navy is daily increased, and we have all the elements from which to judge of the situation, so far as it depends on what is taking place across the Channel.

On our side there are but two circumstances which have any material bearing on the question. Before the appearance of any symptoms of increasing amity the English fleet had received an important though still an inadequate augmentation, and the country had responded as with one voice to the call for volunteers, which had not been heard since the days of the first NAPOLEON and the Boulogne flotilla. When these facts are weighed and valued, there is little enough cause to abate the cautious suspicion which is the only rational attitude for this country in the face of a BONAPARTE Emperor. There are two sides, it is said, to every question, and there are certainly two theories for the solution of the great European problem—the designs of the Emperor NAPOLEON. Men of the Liverpool-merchant stamp see in every recent occurrence fresh proof of the loyalty of our mysterious ally; and yet it is palpable that each particular ground of confidence is just as susceptible of an opposite interpretation, while the one fact which cannot be misinterpreted speaks as clearly as ever of a determined, though it may be a postponed, hostility.

No one yet knows whether the policy indicated by the famous pamphlet and by the letter to the POPE will be carried into effect; but if it should be so, nothing could be a greater error than to regard it as a concession to the English alliance. The necessity of his position compelled the EMPEROR to break faith either with his Italian *protégés* or his late enemies; and if he has thought it more judicious to violate the compact of Villafranca than the pledges of Milan, the force of circumstances, or possibly a pre-arranged scheme, has had more influence on the decision than any desire to pay exceptional deference to the feelings of this country. The expedition to China will afford a reasonable excuse for still further augmenting the French force in Eastern waters, which is already of sufficient strength to arouse the watchfulness of lookers-on from India. Such an enterprise is at least as capable of a sinister as of a favourable construction. The silencing of the howl of the French press and the flimsy arguments which may suffice to tranquillize minds as free from distrust as Mr. CORDEN'S, do undoubtedly prove that the EMPEROR wishes, for the moment, to allay the uneasy feeling with which his naval preparations are regarded in England. But such a desire is at least as compatible with a deep-laid scheme of aggression as with any more friendly feeling. Coming as it has done after the efforts which England has made to be ready for the worst, it is assuredly more natural to ascribe it to an anxiety to check our enthusiasm than to a sympathy which never manifested itself until the suspicions of England took the shape of energetic self-defence.

But it does happen that there is one fact remaining which is decisive as to the true import of all these ambiguous acts. The test of French friendliness is to be sought at Cherbourg and Toulon. If there were any abatement of menacing preparation, it might not be unreasonable to put the best construction on everything else; but while each day sees an increase of activity in the creation and organization of the fleet, it is excusable to doubt the sincerity even of a Sovereign who has learned to redeem the promises

of Villafranca by the policy announced in *Le Pape et le Congrès* and in the autograph epistle. Every fact which is reported on the subject points to increasing energy, not only in the construction of ships, but in the enlistment and organization of crews. New frigates are constantly launched, and, among the vessels afloat or on the stocks, between thirty and forty plated frigates and gun-boats are already reckoned. In more than one essay bearing the evidence of professional experience, if not of official inspiration, the invulnerable fleet which is in course of construction is proclaimed as the weapon which is to make France as great upon the sea as she is upon the land. It is confidently believed that the new tactics which will result from this change in the material of naval warfare will render it possible to dispense in great measure with sails and sailors, and enable France to obtain by the conscription an almost indefinite accession of naval strength. If these hopes were altogether well-founded, we should lose all the advantage which we derive from the extent of our commercial navy. Already France is beginning to feel the insufficiency of her seafaring population to meet the demands which the State makes upon it. The whole strength of the *Inscription Maritime*, which includes not only seamen, but fishermen and boatmen of every class, is said, in a very able article in the *Revue Contemporaine*, to be capable of furnishing at the most 60,000 seamen for the fleet, and this only by pressing into the service every able-bodied man from 18 to 50 years of age. The fleet demands more than this number to man it completely, and the resource to which the Emperor is urged, and which seems likely to be adopted, is the maintenance of a greatly increased force of landmen trained to the duties of marine artillery. There is some satisfaction in finding that France has reached the extreme limit to which her navy can be carried so long as the old traditions prevail. We believe that this natural limit will prove our best security, and that no force of French conscripts will ever be a match on board ship for a crew of blue jackets. But the plan of an iron fleet manned in great part by soldiers specially trained for the purpose is not altogether to be despised, and whatever success or failure may attend the experiment, the fact that it is actually being prepared at enormous cost supplies a very intelligible commentary on the supposed good will of our dangerous neighbour.

As an immediate preparation for the projected increase in the numerical strength of the French navy, a large addition to the force of officers has already been reported as under consideration. If the rumours which have been circulated are correct, 12 admirals, 130 captains, and 220 lieutenants and midshipmen are to be added to the fleet. Large as this augmentation of the staff of officers is, it is probably not out of proportion to the increase in the number of vessels of the fleet, or to the additions proposed to be made to the force of marine artillery. A very complete harmony reigns throughout every department of the French Ministry of Marine; and perhaps, on consideration, there may not seem to be any great inconsistency between these vigorous preparations for war and the conciliatory policy by which it is vainly sought to lull England to sleep until the Emperor, having completed his formidable fleet, shall declare that the hour is come. Two circumstances, stated apparently on good information by the author of the article in the *Contemporaine*, are enough to explain the sudden assumption of friendship on the part of France. The iron-cased vessels on which such large hopes are built will not, it seems, be afloat in any considerable numbers for more than a year, and the new levies required to supplement the force supplied by the *inscription* cannot, it is said, be trained to naval work for a yet longer time. In two years the strength of the French fleet might be almost doubled; and if England would but hold her hand while her neighbour's deficiencies are being supplied, the naval ambition of France might yet be satisfied.

Some years ago, professions of friendship might have sufficed to blind us to the covert activity of the French dockyards. But the virtue of smooth words is gone, and the project of checking the preparations of this country by the assumption of unwonted friendliness is one which will succeed no better than the earlier device of affecting to regard our defensive measures as an insult to the good faith of France. The motive for adding to our strength by land and sea continues and increases, and while this is so, no relaxation of our efforts can for an instant be thought of.

THE FINANCES OF THE UNITED STATES.

VAST national expenditure has become so familiar to us, both from our own experience and that of every other European State, that one is at first sight tempted to bestow a slightly contemptuous congratulation upon the citizens of a first-rate Power whose annual expenditure bears to our own the proportion of about a dollar to a pound. Some 80,000,000 dollars cover the whole cost of the Home and Foreign Ministries, the military and naval establishments of the United States, and the interest on the public debt. The capital of the debt is less than one year's income. The army and the navy together do not cost 8,000,000*l.*, and there are few items in which the expenditure of the United States approaches a quarter of our own. With considerable resources from unappropriated land, and the customs of the whole seaboard to supply the Federal treasury, with a large population and a flourishing trade, it would seem to be the easiest thing in the world to provide for wants apparently so moderate as those announced by Mr. BUCHANAN. Yet the PRESIDENT'S Message has the same moralizing and almost melancholy strain as that with which Mr. GLADSTONE has made us familiar. Actual deficiencies in the past, anticipated deficiencies in the future, increased taxation and severe economy are the topics dwelt upon. Above all, the danger and the wrong of resorting to a loan in time of peace are insisted on with an amount of earnestness which would certainly not have been called forth by an imaginary peril. It seems, indeed, to be more difficult for the Americans to meet an expenditure of 16,000,000*l.* than we find it to provide for one of 60,000,000*l.* or 70,000,000*l.* And it is not necessary to take into account our older and larger accumulations of wealth to understand how this should be. The public expenditure of the United States is, not only in comparison with the amount of taxable wealth, but absolutely, greater than the ordinary cost of the Government of Great Britain; for the demands of the Federal Government are quite insignificant when compared with the aggregate taxation of the separate States. The State debts are more than four times as large as that of the Union; and all the formidable expenses which, under the title of Civil and Miscellaneous Estimates are so embarrassing to our Chancellor of the Exchequer are, in America, burdens not upon the general Treasury, but on the separate resources of the component States. When due allowance is made for the extent to which the Union is relieved by the local taxation of its component members, it is easy to believe that there is no exaggeration in Mr. BUCHANAN'S warning, nor any remarkable economy in the administration of the Model Republic.

If we appear to spend four or five times as much as the American Union, we certainly get at least a proportionate return for our money. A few very fine frigates, and a moderate fleet of smaller vessels, form the whole force of the American navy, while the regular army is less than 18,000 strong, of whom but 11,000 are available for service in the field. Such a force is assuredly dearer at a cost of 8,000,000*l.* a year than any military establishment in the world. In costliness, our naval and military defences are, in proportion to their extent, far beyond those of any European country, but Republican extravagance throws ours into the shade. America enjoys the same kind of isolation which our insular position secured to us before the invention of steam navigation. She has comparatively little need of regular forces, and, indeed, if all her generals were as heroic as the gallant HARNEY, her little army might prove a source rather of danger than of safety. Against anything less than an invasion on the grandest scale her militia and volunteers would perhaps afford a sufficient defence; but if ever she should be compelled to maintain an army on anything approaching the European standard, she will have to learn a lesson of economy from the despotic States of Europe, or even from the army which is said to be maintained for the especial purpose of pampering our own aristocracy. In projects of future expenditure America surpasses, while she imitates, our own inevitable course. In the midst of his homily on frugality the PRESIDENT pauses to remind his countrymen that important national objects must not be neglected. As here, it is defence and protection which have to be secured. With apparent reason Mr. BUCHANAN declares that California and Oregon would be utterly defenceless in the event of a war against a naval Power strong enough to interrupt the passage of the Isthmus. The remedy proposed is no less a work than the construction of a Pacific railroad, traversing, together with the lines

already in existence, the whole breadth of the American continent. That such a project will one day be carried out, either in the territory of the United States or Canada, is almost certain; but the PRESIDENT seems to admit that the scheme is not yet commercially ripe, by insisting on the competency of Congress to provide for its construction under the war-making power vested in that body by the Constitution. An unprofitable railroad to connect the Atlantic with the sea-board beyond the Rocky Mountains is perhaps the most formidable work of military engineering which has ever been projected, and it is remarkable that it should have emanated from the frugal chief of a Democratic government at a time when, on that side of the globe, there is no real danger of any hostilities beyond an easy and profitable raid for purposes of conquest upon the tempting territories of Mexico. Whatever may be the virtues of a pure Republic, we must look elsewhere for lessons of economy.

There was one department, indeed, which, for no fault of its own, was compelled last year to exercise unwonted thrift. This episode is the most ominous event noticed in the Message. At the close of last Session, the disputes on the exciting topics which divide the North from the South became so absorbing that Congress, in its dissatisfaction with the policy of the Government, separated without voting the appropriations for the service of the Post-office. Unlike that exceptionally prosperous department of our Government, the American post-office does not pay its own expenses; and the consequence of this freak of the Legislature was, that there were no means of paying the sums due for the carriage of the mails. The difficulty seems to have been got over without either suspending the traffic or transgressing the law, by a business-like arrangement between the Government and the contractors; but the financial straits of the Post-office were for a time serious enough. The worshippers of American democracy will perhaps admire the spirit with which Congress stopped the supplies for reasons scarcely intelligible and certainly inadequate; but such exhibitions of recklessness will scarcely reconcile politicians of less extended views to the Americanisation of our own institutions. On this matter Mr. BUCHANAN administers a quiet rebuke, and, without discussing the motives of the step, merely observes that the refusal of the supplies might destroy the existence of the Government, that no Congress ever before separated without passing the necessary Appropriation Bills, and that it has in consequence become necessary to vote a considerable amount of interest to the contractors whose claims have been left unsatisfied. The absence of self-control which constantly drives American parties to the most violent expedients, just as it pushes private quarrels to the arbitrament of rifles and revolvers, is one of the most alarming characteristics of Congress. The House of Commons can be factious at times, but it must be a very serious crisis indeed that would tempt it to destroy the springs of Government. A little of the homely patriotism which makes it a *sine qua non* that the Government of the country shall be carried on, would not be out of place in the Parliament of the United States; and if the sectional difficulties which threaten the disruption of the Union are to be overcome, Congress must, above all things, beware of the disposition which it sometimes manifests to resort to extreme and irrevocable measures of party warfare.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

ONE of the most distinguishing marks of English social life is the readiness displayed throughout the country to take part in public movements for all kinds of purposes, and to discharge all kinds of public duties. The formation of the volunteer corps furnishes only a single, though striking, instance of a feeling that is constantly exhibiting itself in a hundred quiet and ordinary ways. Fortunately public life has its pleasures as well as its duties for Englishmen. Ordinary audiences seem to have an inexhaustible appetite for the prosiest speeches; and the unpaid officials who work the local administration of the country are recompensed by the pomp of power for the hours they devote to convicting each other's poachers. The political advantages of this state of things are so obvious that we need not speak of them; but the semi-public life which has become a matter of habit to Englishmen brings many minor and indirect gains that are worth noticing. Among other things it furnishes, we believe, the best key to the very difficult problems suggested by the desire to exercise benevolence and charity in the proper field. We propose to state, as briefly as possible, how it is that it does so.

The essence of all public spirit is the conviction entertained by individuals that they have a recognised place in a community which, as a community, is worth upholding. The consciousness

of citizenship in a great State, or in a State that is ordered with decent regard for human interests and liberties, inspires each citizen with the notion of having a definite post which it is his duty to occupy satisfactorily. A person who is filled with this thought naturally begins his inquiries into his relations to other persons by asking himself what is the position he himself occupies; and the duties belonging to this position are those that seem to him to have the first claim on his regard. If, for example, he is anxious to ascertain the channel into which his wish to do good ought to be directed, he commences by thinking what are the relations entailed on him by membership in the particular group of persons to which he happens to belong. Let us suppose that he is the master of a family, with a moderate establishment. There is a field for charity and benevolence peculiarly belonging to this position. He has to make his wife and children good and happy. He has to look after his servants, to see that they do their work thoroughly (one of the best offices of love), and to treat them firmly and temperately. He has to attend to the wants of the poor who are in connexion with himself and his family—he has to inquire into the truth of statements which he has the power of investigating. He does good, so far as he does it, because it comes naturally in his way, and he has the comfort of thinking that in all probability his way of doing good is safe and sure, though rather limited. This may be contrasted with the mode of proceeding of a person who sets about doing good from individual impulse. He feels the promptings of benevolence, and a wish to secure the rewards that are promised to charity. He goes out vaguely to hunt after poor people. He roams about like a sportsman on a vast prairie, chasing herd after herd of paupers, till at last he spears down one of the flock, and thinks—"This is my poor person; I will bring him up and tame him, and he shall be a credit to me." As, however, the capturer and captured have no knowledge of each other, and no feelings in common, there is an awkwardness in their communications until they can strike a bargain. If his poverty is greater than his pride, the poor man ultimately consents to receive the benevolent person's tracts, or hear his teaching, on condition that he is well paid for his trouble, and the rich man goes away amply rewarded by the consciousness that he has been doing good.

The next stage in benevolence as guided by public spirit is the performance of public duties. A person who approaches the problem of doing good through the avenue of citizenship perceives that a great sphere of activity is opened to him in those social relations that take him out of the circle of his own family. He lives in a parish and a county. He wants to see the clergy supported, and yet kept in check. He wants to see justice administered. He wants to see the population made healthy, the means of communication maintained and improved, agriculture stimulated, the whole of his local society kept in activity, and the poor cheered without being bullied. He has his recognised place in all this. He can act as a churchwarden, a magistrate, a guardian, or a vestryman. If he is not appointed to these offices, he can aid in keeping those appointed up to their work. If he is a man of large property, he has numberless duties of a half-public kind that are obvious. He has to keep up the sport of the county, and if he is a wise man he will do this without turning sport into a senseless parade. He can meet half-way the parson and the doctor when they urge that pigsties without drains are improper homes for English labourers. He can try improvements in farming on a large scale. And here, again, in all he does he knows that he is working in the right direction, for he is aiding in keeping the machinery of a great State in order, in preventing decay from creeping in, and in promoting all the good consequences of public spirit that enrich private life; and he does all this without going out of his sphere or abandoning the duties of his profession or calling.

There are, however, social objects to be effected that are not local. In the first place, there are institutions, like reformatories and hospitals, that must draw their support from a large area, and yet are of such benefit to each locality that there is a sort of local duty to keep them up. There must be people to manage them, and as they are generally placed in parts of the country where persons of leisure abound, there is a public duty laid on a portion of those persons to give to these general institutions the time and trouble that it is unnecessary they should expend on the local matters which there are quite enough people to look after. Political life is also a thing that is in some measure independent of a locality, and it is part of the duty of a citizen to attend to it. To form a right judgment on political matters, to get the right party in power and to keep them there, is an exercise of benevolence of a very high order. Free-trade has done more for the poor than could have been achieved by lavishing millions of money in almsgiving. It is also impossible not to recognise the duties of helping improvement in the backward, helpless, and struggling districts of the country, and of aiding the spread of Christianity out of England. But here we come to the edge of that action of benevolence which is of doubtful value, where the means that must be employed are very faulty, and the good achieved must bear a very small proportion to its cost. We get into the region of societies, and committees, and paid secretaries, and religious partisanship. We also incur the great danger of doing other men's duties for them. It is not only hard upon the benevolent that they should have to do what the indifferent will not do, but it immensely increases this indifference if an agency is found to

be always at work to counteract the bad results of coldness or parsimony.

To all the errors from which a combination of benevolence with public spirit preserves us there is a good side. It is quite true that persons exist who have a gift for dealing with the poor to whom they are unknown. It is true that there are noble minds which suffer genuine pain from the general miseries of humanity. It is also indisputable that a great many good things grow up into local institutions which have their origin in the incoherent enthusiasm of men without common sense. But exceptional aptitude or success is a very dangerous guide; and in the present day the importance of public spirit in doing good is greater than usual, for there are popular tastes now prevalent that are a warning to us to keep in the regular channels of benevolence. The love of drilling the poor and the fashion of fussy philanthropy are so bad in themselves, and waste so much right feeling, that the sooner they are stopped the better. Philanthropists often have admirable dispositions, but they are great nuisances and bores, because there is a certain vagueness about all that they do and say. Very often the work that a philanthropist proposes to himself to do is already being done—partially, at least—by men of business as a matter of business; and then they receive with legitimate contempt the intruder who wishes to make the subject to which they are devoting patient industry, and on which they are accumulating a great mass of experience, a toy to indicate to himself the extent of his charitable zeal. The kind of persons, too, who are inclined to philanthropy curiously illustrate the effect produced by the absence of local responsibility. There are hundreds of men who, having gone through a professional career at home or abroad, return every year to second-rate towns, having nothing whatever to do; and, longing to unite personal distinction with an approving conscience, they are always ready to go to any amount of meetings, and propose resolutions, and draw up, or even listen to, affecting statistics. Bath and Cheltenham are full of unoccupied veterans who like nothing better in their old age than to cheer a converted Jew, or audit the accounts of a fraudulent treasurer. When they are acting in a way demanded of them by their recognised position as parents, masters, or magistrates, or guardians, these men are kept in the right road by the force of the system which they help to carry on; but they are all adrift when they get to seconding each other at meetings. Then, philanthropic societies have the great disadvantage that they make their members do everything in the way of the society. Every one who has had any experience of their dealings must have bitter recollections of the tenacity, narrowness, appetite for flattery, and red-tapism of the really hardened old philanthropist; whereas, when persons act in the ways appropriate to their recognised position, they can set one thing against another. If the parson is crotchety, perhaps the squire is a good fellow. If the petty sessions are pigheaded and selfishly anxious to protect themselves, there is a chance that the quarter sessions may be more intelligent and equitable. If one vestry declines to pay for a necessary improvement, the next vestry may be more inclined to open its pockets.

To persons accustomed to associate the word "benevolence" solely with administering to what they conceive to be the spiritual or temporal wants of the poor, it may seem absurd to speak of the honest exercise of the functions of a magistrate as an act of benevolence. But benevolence is merely the wishing well to others; and in order to see what this wishing is worth, we can only ask whether the feeling is deep, and whether it leads to good practical results. In both respects, benevolence, when controlled by public spirit, will stand a comparison with benevolence not so controlled. It seems as if it were a greater sacrifice to bestow charity on the poor than to take trouble to improve a servant. Sometimes it may be so, but very often it is not. To be kind to dependents, without corrupting them by indulgence, requires thought, and self-control, and constant bearing in mind our duty to our neighbours; whereas to give a poor man a sovereign is an easy affair, that is almost forgotten before the languid pulse of self-approbation that it stirs has ceased to beat. Even in almsgiving of a more systematic sort, there is the pleasure which activity, zeal, and interfering with others on a large scale never fail to bring. But the real test is that of the practical results. In benevolence as guided by public spirit, we have included the relief of the poor immediately connected with each family, or whose history has happened to be brought specially to our cognizance. Beyond these lie the vast mass of the unregarded poor, as to whom we cannot say whether they will ever receive any care or assistance; and enthusiastic benevolence possesses many good people, who have no aptitude whatever for the task, to rush blindly among this vast mass of suffering. However noble this may be, it is obvious that there is no longer any security that whatever we do will bring about much good. The task is too overwhelming for individuals. Then if, in despair at our impotence, we look abroad for help, we are apt to get entangled in the meshes of societies, with their timid committees, and jobbing secretaries, and cooked accounts. There are extraordinary persons who are fitted to be the apostles and benefactors of the poor at large; there are persons with large means and few local ties who can afford to make experiments through societies, and set off one success against many failures; and there are men, like police magistrates and some hard-working clergymen, through whom money may be safely given to the poor with whom we are not acquainted. But,

as a general rule, benevolence is most efficient and safe when it is confined within the limits assigned to it by coupling it with the discharge of duties attached to a recognised position in society.

THE TRIUMPHS OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.

A KIND of Nemesis appears to hang over the mechanical undertakings of the last two years. The English people are not very fond of boasting—in fact, their fault rather lies the other way. But we have lately had two pet enterprises which we have watched and sympathized with during all their vicissitudes of success and failure, and over whose apparent triumph we could not repress a burst of exultation. A Greek historian would have moralized devoutly over the rapidity with which the nation's inordinate delight at the success of the Atlantic Telegraph and the *Great Eastern* was rebuked. When the Atlantic cable was laid down at about the same time as the opening of Cherbourg, the *Times* indulged in a long string of glowing antitheses between the tempers of the two nations, one of which gratified its pride by accumulating the engines of destruction, the other by promoting the intercourse of mankind. The ink of the excellent article was scarcely dry when disheartening rumours began to prevail; and then day by day the petted telegraph's performances grew feebler and feebler, as if its life was slowly ebbing away. At last the announcement came that the vaunted enterprise was a dead failure. The public consoled themselves with buying bits of it set in snuff-boxes, and the shareholders by begging for a Government guarantee. The *Great Eastern* is not yet in quite so desperate a case. She has ruined one set of owners and seems likely to ruin another, but there is nothing occult or unfathomable in the causes of her failure, and if a third company of victims are inclined to try their luck, it is very possible she may make the voyage to America after all. If, however, that achievement is only to be accomplished by borrowing money at seven and a half per cent., it is not likely to prove a very remunerative trip. But her management has arrived at that fatal point of a joint-stock company's decline—the stage of directorial squabbles, recriminatory pamphlets, and bear-garden meetings. Not only has everybody a special theory as to the cause of failure and the particular culprit who is to blame, but no two persons seem to agree upon the facts. That the "skilled witnesses," the engineers and surveyors, should contradict each other in the plumpest and curtest manner with respect to all the qualities of the Great Ship's construction, is a matter of course—it is an accident which happens to every considerable undertaking. An engineer would be an imperfect being without his complementary contradictor, whose office it is to appear before the committee or the public, as the case may be, and give the lie direct to every calculation his antagonist has made. He would be like a sine without its cosine, or a charitable society without its defaulting secretary. But the mysteries of the *Great Eastern* extend far beyond the domain of science. They envelope even such rudimentary questions as whether a certain number of shares were sold on a given day or not, and whether the wine bill for the directors' entertainments amounted to four thousand pounds or twenty thousand. It is natural that a controversy reduced to these simple issues should be conducted in the most elementary fashion. When Director A calls his colleague B a liar, and B writes a pamphlet to complain of the epithet as "vulgar and inappropriate," matters are very near a breakdown. When the chairman presides at a board summoned to pass judgment upon himself, and the auditor calls a public meeting to explain his view of the accounts, then is the *Great Eastern* indeed become a byword to laughing bystanders and tearful shareholders.

We have no intention of seeking to compose such quarrels. In the present temper of the combatants, an expression of opinion on the conduct of any one of the impeached authorities would probably produce a separate action for libel from each individual of his partisans. But we wish to call attention to the remarkable and startling fact, that these are failures in which "the Circumlocution Office" has had no hand. Five years ago we used to believe, under the rod of the public instructor, that gross failures, reckless nepotism, culpable mal-administration were confined to Government departments. The authorities were constantly bidden to go to the traders, and to learn of them; and it was an article of political faith that, if matters had been in the hands of "the enlightened middle-class who have made England what she is," the *Prince* never would have gone down, and the coffee would have been roasted to a turn. Times have changed since then. We have had case after case of disgraceful fraud in highly trusted bankers and merchants of repute; we have had revelations of lying trade-marks, and of anchor-chains too weak to bear the strain of a gale, sent out, not by isolated swindlers, but as a custom of trade; and accordingly we hear rather less now about the special purity of the middle-classes, and the advantage of dispensing with all precautionary forms. Perhaps after the performances of the last two years we shall hear less of their infallible administrative success. Conceive the joy and delight of the Administrative Reform Association if the *Great Eastern* had been a Government concern. How the changes would have been rung on "marvellous torpidity," "routine," "jobbing," and "red-tape," at each step in her brief career from the

launching in Mr. Scott Russell's yard to the gale at Holyhead. How the seventy thousand pounds that were spent in that launching would have been paraded by Mr. Bright as an all-sufficient instance of the "hollow pretences" under which scions of the landed gentry sponge on the people's hard-earned savings. Satirists would never have been tired of pointing philippics against double government and departmental jealousy with an allusion to the trip from Deptford to Weymouth, when nobody in particular was in command, and nobody was responsible for what occurred. And then the stop-cock and the cased funnels! The morning papers with one voice would have solemnly asseverated that such a blunder could never have been perpetrated except in the public service; and an address would have been forthwith carried in the House of Commons praying her Majesty that in future all stokers, solderers, and chimney-sweeps might be appointed by open competition. When, to crown all this, the fact came out that there was a champagne bill to pay, variously estimated at from four to twenty thousand pounds, the best friends of the Administration would have abandoned it, and Lord John Russell would have retired from office that very night. Truly, the time has almost come when the clerks in Downing-street and Pall-Mall may turn the tables upon their old assailants, and form an Association for Joint-Stock Company Reform.

It is a trite proverb that too many cooks spoil the broth, and any one who produced it at the meeting on Wednesday would probably have had his observations set down as "vulgar and inappropriate." But for some generations both shareholders and legislators seem entirely to have forgotten the lesson it conveys. The experience of the last few years has pretty well convinced the world that jobbery and failure are no special inheritance of either aristocracy, shopocracy, or democracy. But it ought to have equally convinced them of the certain danger of manifold management and veiled responsibility. Whether in a Joint-Stock Company or a Government, it is difficult enough to induce men to administer other people's affairs with a tithe of the zeal with which they administer their own. But if they are shielded by nominal chiefs, and hedged round by ignorant and submissive Boards, the responsibility which might have stimulated them entirely melts away. It is the secretary or engineer, or share-holding contractor, or some such subordinate, upon whom, by mere force of his familiarity with the details, the real management of a company or a department must inevitably fall. He is generally a man of experience and ability; and if the power which he virtually holds were formally acknowledged, and he felt himself responsible for the prosperity or mismanagement of the concern, it would probably be as well managed as any agency business can be. But the caution of the English mind, in public or in private life, revolts at the idea of entrusting any one man with delegated power. Therefore, if it be a public department, the all-powerful secretary receives a nominal colleague, whose duty it is to defend his actions in the Lower House, and a nominal chief, whose duty it is to defend them in the Upper. But except in the case, now so rare, of a long tenure of the same office, neither chief nor colleague has any efficient control over the mass of the measures they are called upon to authorize and to uphold. In Joint-Stock Companies the evil is still more aggravated. In order to puff the shares it is necessary to fill the Direction with well-sounding names—generally those of men who are already far too deeply occupied by other duties to give any real attention to their new employment. The virtual management falls on some one individual, whose name upon the prospectus seems obscure and subordinate enough, but who, precisely because of his obscurity, has leisure for the necessary labour. But though the management falls to him, all the Directors enjoy a nominally co-ordinate power, and therefore share an equal responsibility. But a responsibility which is split up among a dozen is really no responsibility at all. A crash comes. It may be clear as day that it was caused by a jobbing preference of some particular contractor, or borrower, or customer. Everybody knows that where there is jobbing there must be a jobber, and that nepotism implies relationship to somebody less abstract than a board. But behind the ample responsibility of the board the actual culprit is securely sheltered. It is impossible to fix a charge of corrupt preference on a dozen independent men who have no interest in common; and they will be the last to confess that the most obscure among their number has led them by the nose. A defined and avowed depositary of power is the one thing which those who wish to avoid "Balaklava messes," whether in political or commercial affairs, must labour to secure. Until this is obtained, the shareholders of the *Great Eastern* will not find changes of Ministry or Committees of Inquiry more effectual remedies for the mismanagement under which the *Great Eastern* has suffered than the same expedients have proved on previous occasions and in more important cases.

REVIVALISM IN AMERICA.

IT is no slight presumption against the genuineness of a sentiment that it has been imported into Europe from the other side of the Atlantic. The countrymen of Barnum do not know how to carry their enthusiasms with dignity and self-possession, and are apt to discredit even their deeper convictions by a feminine extravagance of demonstration. "Bunkum" is an ingredient

in all their public acts—in their religious pretensions no less than in their political charlatanism and their æsthetic idolatry. We know that they can "get up" anything, and that a "filibustering" experiment in the way of religious conquest would command as much interest and admiration as Walker's expeditions. We are not, therefore, surprised to find that they have reduced Revivalism to a system, and put to shame the spiritual epidemics of Europe, mediæval and modern. The course of religious reaction is not that of empire—it rather follows the direction of the gulf stream, setting from the New World towards the western and northern coasts of the British Islands and the Scandinavian peninsula. Nevertheless, we are led to believe that Revivalism in America will, upon the whole, bear a favourable comparison with Revivalism in Ireland. It may be that it amalgamates better with the old leaven of Puritanism than with that of Anglicanism and modern forms of Dissent. Possibly, too, the greater interference of laymen has strengthened the element of common sense. At all events, a more rational and less boisterous tone has characterized the first and the last of these American movements than that which finds expression in the correspondents of the *Revival*.

We are fortunate in possessing, from the pen of the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, an elaborate "Narrative of the Revival of Religion in New England" during the years 1734 and 1735, being, so far as we know, the earliest event of the kind within Protestant memory. It is couched in the language of the Pilgrim's Progress and the Puritan divines of the seventeenth century, and is highly charged with the quaint technical phraseology of Calvinism. We read of "legal terrors," "legal distresses," "legal humiliation," "legal convictions," "legal awakenings," "legal humblings." The author writes in the style of a physician describing the pathology of a familiar disease to a brother professor. Nevertheless, there is withal an air of candour and good faith that, added to the high intellectual qualities of the writer, give this narrative a value above the ordinary literature of its class. We shall not apologize for presenting some of its results to our readers.

In the first place, Mr. Edwards treats the whole movement as a direct possession, by the Divine Spirit, of a district of defined extent. He is far from disclaiming the marvellous effects of sympathy. On the contrary, he eagerly recognises the less simple motive of religious emulation. "The continual news kept alive the talk of religion, and did greatly quicken and rejoice the hearts of God's people, and much awakened those that looked on themselves as still left behind, and made them more earnest that they might also share in the great blessings that others had obtained." This jealousy, we find, sometimes deepened into "a great spirit of envy towards the godly." He enumerates the predisposing causes, such as "the death of an elderly person, which was attended with many unusual circumstances"—"the great noise that was in this part of the country about Arminianism"—and the conversion of "a young woman, who had been one of the greatest company keepers in the whole town." Nor does he even shrink from attributing the decline of the Revival in part to secular circumstances. "Several things have happened since that have diverted people's minds, and turned their attention more to other affairs, as particularly his Excellency the Governor's coming up, and the Committee of General Court on the treaty with the Indians, and afterwards the Springfield controversy," &c. &c. Still he everywhere speaks of the whole phenomenon as the "great work of God;" and the reverent belief of this fact seems to embolden him to criticise it in other respects with considerable freedom. His pages are not disfigured by the flippancy and superstition which form so disagreeable a mixture in later Revivalism. He apologizes for having, in certain cases, pronounced an opinion on the spiritual state of individuals. He explicitly characterizes the boasted "visions" as figments of the imagination. Though he describes the physical weakness occasionally produced by the tension of religious emotion—inasmuch that some forgot their food, and others were much affected by the mere sight of a Bible—yet he never chuckles over such physical disorders as the trophies of his success, or moralizes on the "near relation between labourless births and the sickly lives which follow." We believe he would have been scarcely less shocked than ourselves at the exultation conveyed in the following language applied by a preacher to the effects of his own sermon:—"And, brother, He (God) did work. I think about fourteen or fifteen souls in that meeting of three and a half hours were laid prostrate on the earth, *yelling for mercy*." Yet Edwards' own sermon at Enfield, Massachusetts, in 1741, if it really set in motion the revival that followed, must have been one of the most effective on record.

In spite, however, of the general simplicity of the story, these pages are darkened by a mysticism compared to which the fierce penitence of the Middle Ages may appear genial and humane. In all the varieties of experience which he enumerates we do not find that he recognises any exemption from the "Slough of Despond." Accordingly as they have or have not passed this, he inexorably determines the respective destinies of men. He maintains the doctrine of God's arbitrary will to have been the most salutary medicine for the times. In many of the converted he discerned "a sort of complacency in the attribute of God's justice as displayed in His threatenings of eternal damnation to sinners." "They have sometimes almost called it a willingness to be damned." On the other hand, though he describes the subsequent decline in the intensity of religious emotion, he

does not appear to admit the possibility of individual falling off. "In the latter part of May it began to be very evident that the Spirit of God was gradually withdrawing from us, and after this time Satan seemed to be more let loose, and raged in a dreadful manner." But it does not seem to occur to him that one or two instances of suicide and religious insanity, which he proceeds to mention, were related to the Revival by any physical connexion of cause and effect. On the contrary, he observes on the public health during its continuance having been remarkably good.

From this period Revivals have taken their place in religious history, eclipsing, from time to time, the ordinary ministrations of Protestant Churches, as the mendicant friars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the Italian "missions" of the present day, have occasionally reduced the every-day functions of the Catholic priesthood to temporary insignificance. The whole movement of which Wesley and Whitfield were the leaders was nothing else but a Revival, and among the communities which they founded Revivals on a smaller scale have recurred at irregular periods, both in this country and America. Some of these, especially in the United States, have assumed a more general character; and the years 1816 and 1843 are memorable as the precursors of the present exciting season. Hecker, from whose work on the "Epidemics of the Middle Ages" we had occasion to quote in a former article, relates an extraordinary eruption of fanaticism at Redruth, in Cornwall, early in this century. It commenced with the frantic impulse of one man, who, during divine service, shouted out "What shall I do to be saved?" The instantaneous influences of imitation and sympathy, sedulously fostered by the Methodist preachers, speedily extended the malady to 4000 people. Its symptoms, as stated by Hecker, are precisely similar to those described as characteristic of the present Revival, though still more violent in degree, "and even men of the most powerful frame were subject to its influence." We are indebted to the same source for an account of a nervous affection, not less extraordinary, existing for the last century in the Shetland Isles, though wisely discouraged by the ministers. These religious convulsions originated in the circumstance of a woman having a fit in church, and the most potent remedies were found to be the appeal to a sense of shame and cold water applications. Those who desiderate further illustrations of the same class of phenomena will find them in the annals of the French "Convulsionnaires," the English Jumpers, and the American camp-meetings.

But of all Revivals, that which deserves the greatest attention, as an anticipation of the present, is the one which prevailed over a large area of the United States in the years 1857-8. For the details of this we must refer our readers to the many sympathetic narratives which have appeared. Two of these, *The Power of Prayer* and *The Revival in America*, by an *English Eye-witness*, are now before us. The former is an ill-arranged accumulation of instances, showing the effects of the Revival on persons in every rank of society. Though not free from the off-hand smartness of a Yankee showman puffing his curiosities, it contains, it must be confessed, an imposing body of evidence on the reality of the change produced in thousands of individual hearts. Both tracts agree in ascribing the Revival to the direct and (so to speak) mechanical agency of prayer; and certainly the facts collected on this part of the subject are such as, if believed at all, admit of no other explanation. Both deny its immediate connexion with the commercial disasters of 1857, assigning its origin to a period some months earlier. So simultaneous, according to this account, was its development that the crews of ships on their homeward voyage were affected by the same wave of religious emotion which was sweeping over their countrymen. Preaching and preachers appear to have occupied throughout a subordinate place; and perhaps we should attribute to this cause the comparative absence of unnatural and undisciplined excitement, as well as of sectarianism. However this may be, and whatever deductions may be made from reports so partial as those to which we have alluded, enough remains to show that the Americans have learned what it is that brings a Revival into discredit. Whether the reformation will abate in any perceptible degree their commercial immorality, their electioneering chicanery, the atrocities of their "domestic institutions," and their tendency to repudiate State debts, remains to be seen.

We must be prepared for the possible spread of Revivalism beyond its present limits; nor will those to whom the rapid growth of abnormal developments is known place too much reliance on the phlegmatic temperament of Anglo-Saxons. In offering a few suggestions on this new phase of religious sensationalism, we absolutely disclaim any intention of meddling with the nature or causes of "conversion." We believe Revivalism, in its coarser manifestations, to be the burlesque of truths too sacred and mysterious for random discussion. The indulgence of the religious passions has in it something sensual; and the knowledge of this fact has furnished Protestantism with one of its stock reproaches against the meretricious arts of Rome. That taunt may now be returned with interest, nor will it be easy for believers in the miracles of the Revival to avail themselves of the received arguments against the blood of St. Januarius and the miraculous appearances of the Virgin. A taste has been created for a kind of jugglery in the production of moral renovation; the old course of patient and cautious treatment is despised, and is succeeded by a morbid craving for magic effects and dashing operations. The scene of a Revival-meeting is to

be strewn, like a battle-field, with wounded. The minister, who, in the Irish Revival at least, is always represented as the "mystagogue," gifted with a spell applicable to every idiosyncrasy, visits the sufferers in turn, and in the course of an hour or two has pronounced *κόγξ ὁμαξ* over each one of the initiated. Surely it is possible for those who seek in religion a support for man's highest faculties and a guide in his noblest undertakings, to protest without impiety against the importation of a Corymbantian element into Christianity.

It is one thing to believe that the majority thus affected are changed for the better—it is another to desire the spread of Revivalism. Monasticism was the parent of many a saintly life; total abstinence has been the salvation of many a poverty-stricken home; the apprehension of an immediate judgment-day would certainly produce a very general diminution of sin and recklessness; yet it is open to any one to object to such doctrines being made a part of popular religious belief, because (irrespective of their truth or falsehood) they might introduce a permanently diseased tone into ethics and piety, and lower the spiritual health of the whole community. Nothing, for instance, is more obvious than that *religious shamelessness* is encouraged by the undue prominence given to the emotions in the Revivalist system. We leave it to those who value Protestantism as it exists in England to measure the loss which our religion would sustain if its profession were to become less modest and its exercise less private.

There are many circumstances in the present state of society which render the extravagances of Revivalism peculiarly formidable. The jealous aristocratical power of the Church, which checked the excesses of the Dominicans and Franciscans, exists no longer. Fanaticism is amenable to no law but that of public opinion, and public opinion acts feebly on religious enthusiasm. Mormonism has proved that it has become possible to preach immorality without being pelted. Spirit-rapping has proved that the vague terrors of infancy still hang about the invisible world. It is a truism that the highest powers of intellect are no safeguard against the most abject gullibility. Few men dare to criticise their religious feelings. Nor is there any reason to believe that the credulity of the nineteenth century, in matters removed from experience, differs materially from that of the tenth. We speak, of course, of the majority; but the existence of a sceptical minority, predisposed to regard with contempt all that appeals to religious sensibilities, is far from diminishing the danger. The truth is, an unseen fermentation has long been leavening the mass of religious opinion. We all know the forms which it has assumed in powerful and speculative minds, but it is not less perceptible in the superstitions of the vulgar. The calculation of the world's duration by prophetic formula—the astrology of these latter days—is the product of the same restlessness on matters of faith which colours the ablest writings of our time, just as droughts and floods may be equally the result of volcanic action. There is, to our minds, something almost ominous in this predominance of religious anxiety, of self-consciousness, and nervous susceptibility over the soothing and steady influences of practical piety. The half-truth which diverts men's thoughts from what they ought to do to what they ought to feel has worked terrible mischief, not so much by paralysing active exertion as by depriving it of its healthful effect on the mind. It is one of the worst features in Revivalism that, so far as its influence extends, it throws into the shade all that unites the "religious world" and the world of thought and action, and widens the breach between faith and reason. Why religious zeal should so easily pass into madness and frenzy, and the loftiest aspirations find vent in grotesque and unmanly behaviour, it is vain to discuss. "That is a secret that lies behind the veil."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STINKS.

THERE is a fallacy in the almost universal opinion that, because a stink is unpleasant, it must necessarily be injurious to health; and the terror of London during the last two summers, because the Thames had a perfume stronger, but not sweeter, than the rose—the visions of cholera and typhus which were raised, and the warnings of foolish gentlemen writing to the *Times*, had no other basis than this fallacy. Yet a very small survey of familiar facts would disclose that our likings, and dislikings, in the matter of smell, or taste, are by no means accurate criteria of what is wholesome and what is noxious. Unfortunately, we like many things that are notoriously injurious; and many things that are unpleasant are notoriously beneficial. Not only are these familiar truths, but a little inquiry discloses a mass of evidence which proves that even the odours of a too composite river or an ill-drained district, unpleasant as they may be, are very far from carrying pestilence and plague with them wherever they go. Among the thousands who habitually live on our stinking Thames, and its banks—among the thousands who every day spend some time on it—how many cases of cholera and fever occurred last year and this? Are the boatmen and dwellers on the river-bank subject to cholera? If foul rivers are the causes of cholera, surely the Thames must be a terrible neighbour.

We are not going to assert that the question of drainage is not very important. We have no desire to propound the paradox that stinks are wholesome because disagreeable; but we call attention to the fallacy of assuming that because they are disagree-

able they must necessarily be injurious; since the fallacy is to cost the nation an immense sum of money, with, perhaps, no adequate benefit. Is it a demonstrated fact that the exhalations from a foul river, like the Thames, cause cholera and fever? So far from its being demonstrated, the evidence at present seems decisively opposed to such a conclusion. Is it demonstrated that the exhalations from the sewers cause cholera and fever? The Board of Health has no doubt about it. But Dr. Parkin opposes the Board of Health, and his experience is considerable. His evidence is founded on experience of very various climates and latitudes—the intertropical regions of the East and West, the burning sands of Arabia and the snow-covered steppes of Russia, as well as the more temperate regions of Europe and America—evidence, as we shall see, of considerable value, although not, perhaps, so conclusive as he believes it to be.

As journalists we shall not be expected to decide on a point so special, and so complex, as the theory of disease upon which the measures of the Board of Health are founded. That theory may be in every respect correct—it may be partially correct—it may be entirely wrong. Ours is no tribunal for the decision of such questions; and we beg to be understood in the following remarks as offering no opinion of our own on the medical theory advocated by the Board of Health, or on that advocated by Dr. Parkin. We are not about to argue a question of pathology, but one of immense social importance—namely, the viciousness and absurdity of every attempt to suppress free discussion. The case is this. Dr. Parkin, who has devoted himself to the subject of epidemics and endemics, and has already published one Report on the Epidemic Cholera in Jamaica, drew up a second Report on the Predisposing Causes of Cholera, which he presented to the Colonial Secretary, on his return from the West Indies in 1855. This Report, however, he says was not published by the Colonial Office, because the Board of Health declared that its publication would be detrimental to the cause of sanitary reform, and because its conclusions were opposed to the experience of the day. This is precisely the tone adopted by the present French Government with regard to political discussions. Unless writers agree in applauding the measures of the Emperor they are “enemies to the cause of order,” and oppose the will of the nation. If the Board of Health is in possession of the truth, it ought to have sufficient reliance on its solid basis to permit the publication of any serious opinion. Nay, unless it claims Papal infallibility, it is bound to give every facility to discussion, and to answer every serious antagonist. We do not, of course, imply that the Board is to give its verdict in favour of any and every man who may have an opinion to propound; but, whenever a man presents himself who gives evidence of having seriously investigated the question, and who has facts or arguments which have even an air of plausibility, the duty of the Board clearly is to throw no impediment in the way of the publication of those facts and arguments. If it conceives them to be erroneous, it can answer them; if it deems them unworthy notice, it can ignore them; but no obstacle should be placed in the way of free discussion. Sanitary reform will not be aided by eluding or suppressing inconvenient facts.

Dr. Parkin, unable to get his Report printed, has published a little work *On the Causation and Prevention of Disease*, which contains an array of evidence against the theory adopted by the Board of Health, that cholera and fever are owing to the decomposition of organic matter, and the use of impure water. This evidence may not be conclusive, but it is at any rate startling. The medical authorities may be able to answer it (and we are very far from saying that they cannot do so), but until they do answer it, the thinking public will probably regard their position as extremely unsatisfactory. For the sake of calling attention to the subject, we shall cite some of the evidence Dr. Parkin has collected; but if, in doing so, we seem for a moment to constitute ourselves the advocates of his views, we must once more beg our readers to understand that we ourselves express no opinion on the question.

The injuriousness of imperfect drainage is said to arise from the noxious influence of all organic matters—animal and vegetable—when in a state of decomposition. That putrid flesh and vegetables are generally unpleasant, both to taste and smell, is a fact; but are they as injurious as they are unpleasant? Some putrescent matters are injurious when eaten, although many can be, and are, eaten with impunity; and all of them are injurious *if they enter the blood*. The surprising fact that the Indians kill their game with poisoned arrows, yet suffer no harm from eating the flesh thus poisoned, is intelligible to the physiologist, who sees that the poison of the arrow enters the blood of the animal; but the poison of the poisoned flesh, which is eaten, does not enter the blood. It is on the same principle that we can explain why an anatomist may spend day after day over putrid bodies (in an atmosphere the stench of which makes a stranger sick), yet suffer no harm beyond what would result from sedentary confinement in any other room; nevertheless, let this anatomist scratch himself with the scalpel which he has just used, and this little wound may be his death. He could breathe the air laden with the products of decomposition, and, if oxygen were sufficiently abundant for respiration, no harm would ensue; but he could not admit decomposing matter into his blood without serious injury.

In the above paragraph we have briefly stated what seems to us the physiological principle involved in this question. Putrid

substances are poisonous only in the blood; but the gaseous products of putrescence are not poisonous. A stink is unpleasant, but it is not poisonous. We assume, of course, that the gaseous products are not too abundant to prevent respiration, otherwise the effects of imperfect respiration will ensue; but these are not cholera or fever.

Having made this preliminary explanation, we will turn to Dr. Parkin's evidence. Majendie arranged a cask in such a way that the bottom could hold putrid substances, whilst animals were placed on a grating with a double bottom, exposed to the emanations which constantly escaped. Rabbits, guinea pigs, and pigeons were left thus for a month, but did not experience any ill result. Dogs, on the contrary, began to lose flesh on the fourth day, and, although they preserved their gaiety and appetite, died at the end of ten or fifteen days. But the dogs showed none of the symptoms of poison—they showed none of the symptoms observed in dogs into whose veins putrid matters had been injected. Their death was obviously caused by imperfect respiration. Rabbits and guinea pigs require less oxygen in a given atmosphere than dogs, by reason of their smaller size. But that exhalations from decaying matters are not injurious when respiration is unimpeded, seems evident from the experience of leather-dressers, knackers, butchers, and others. Mr. Newman informs us that the leather-dressers in Stoke's Croft, Bristol, are not only healthy, but more so than the rest of the neighbouring poor, although, during the last part of the process, the stench is almost intolerable. In the tan-yards at Bermondsey there are about 700 workmen, all remarkably healthy. Again, Dr. Chisholme says that, in the manufactory near Bitton, Gloucestershire, for the production of muriate of ammonia and sulphate of soda, and where the distillation of the medullary oil produces the most nauseating fetor, no fever is known to arise, although the neighbourhood is thickly populated. The same exemption has been remarked at a manufactory between Bristol and Hanham for the conversion of dead animals into a substance resembling spermaceti, and where the same putrid exhalations are given out. Further, slaughter-houses, which, according to theory, ought to be centres of pestilence and fever, have been singularly exempt from them, as was noticed during the plague and during the cholera. Dr. Tweedie says, “Though every description of mechanic was at some period or other admitted last year into the Fever Hospital, I do not recollect a single instance of a butcher being sent to the establishment.”

The perfume of the graveyard is far from agreeable, and graveyards have for some years been regarded as centres of pestilence and fever. When pestilence and fever are raging in a district, it is not difficult, of course, to find that a graveyard is somewhere close at hand; but this is extremely imperfect evidence of any necessary connexion between the two; and it becomes still more suspicious when we find that at Bridge Town, Barbadoes, 8000 bodies were buried in six weeks in a space of two acres, yet neither fever nor any other disease attacked the inhabitants afterwards. The same remark applies to nearly all the large towns in the West Indies, in consequence of the practice of burying cholera victims in one spot. In the burial grounds near Seville, 10,000 bodies had been recently interred, when, in 1800, the French Government sent a Commission to inquire into the causes of yellow fever; and although a fetid odour was exhaled from the decomposing bodies, no ill result followed to the thousands of the inhabitants who went daily to visit the graves of their relatives and friends. And what shall we say to the Cemetery of the Innocents at Paris? In the course of thirty years, 90,000 bodies had been buried there by one gravedigger, and it was calculated that more than 600,000 bodies had been buried there during the six previous centuries. In a space not exceeding two acres, it had been the custom to bury the bodies of the poor in common pits, and they were placed so close to each other as to be only separated by planks of six lines each. These pits were twenty feet wide and twenty deep, and each contained 1000 to 1500 bodies. It is difficult to understand how Paris escaped from continuous attacks of cholera, and how the gravedigger managed to breathe this atmosphere during thirty years, if graveyard exhalations are the fatal poisons they are declared to be.

The authority of Parent Duchâtelet is invoked in a very striking case. At Montfaucon, in Paris, there is one of the most extensive knacker-yards in the world. Thousands of horses, dogs, and cats are slaughtered there—the flesh and offal, after the animals are skinned, being allowed to remain and putrefy for the purpose of manure. “Every one,” says Duchâtelet, “can imagine the fetid odour produced by heaps of flesh left to putrefy for months in the open air, and in the heat of the sun; to which must be added the gases given out from mountains of skeletons not properly cleansed from the soft parts, and the emanations arising from a soil saturated from year to year with blood and animal liquids. But, if you interrogate the numerous workmen who belong to the establishment, they will answer that they are never ill, and that the effluvia which they inhale, far from injuring them, contribute to keep them in good health. If you examine them you will see they have all the appearance of the most perfect health. The robust health of the wife and five children of Friand were remarkable, for they had all the year worked and slept in a place which was actually unapproachable to the members of the Commission, on account of the stench.” He also notices the longevity of these knackers. “Many of them

are sixty or seventy years old, quite robust and active. Inquiries showed that their parents died at an advanced age; of the last three knackers that died, one was sixty, another seventy, and a third eighty-four."

Such are some of the facts adduced by Dr. Parkin in support of his views. The evidence, however, is far from exhausted; and we may, perhaps, recur to the subject on a future occasion.

DEUS EX MACHINA.

THE English Sunday is proverbially a dull thing, and of late attempts have been made in various quarters to put a little life into the institution. The special Sunday services, especially those at St. Paul's—where the congregation becomes an audience, without feeling it to be part of their duty to join in worship—were avowedly instituted as an improvement on those of Exeter Hall, which in their turn owed their inspiration to the successful performances of Mr. Spurgeon at the Surrey Music Hall. In all these Sunday amusements there is a concealed dramatic element. It is a compromise between the theatre and the church. Perhaps there is nothing very remarkable in this. Religion has always felt that, in some way or other, the Church services should meet those great human requirements which seek, in vivid dramatic presentations, some relief from—to use a slang word—merely subjective emotions. There is always some edition or other of the Book of Sports just published. Human nature must have some reaction against Sabbatarianism, and special services are only the Protestant form which that reaction takes. The old Church, taking under its care every department of human taste, and providing in some way or other for the universal necessities of the mind, found in the miracle plays and religious pageants a means of satisfying the dramatic and theatrical wants of man; and it is a fact that the modern European drama is the direct product of the mediæval religious plays. The *autos* of the Spanish school, in which Lope is the most familiar name, form the most palpable link in this curious pedigree of the stage. But the connexion between religion and the drama might be traced higher. As all schoolboys know, the Greek theatre originated in the worship of Dionysus; and in the East, where the drama took a choric shape, the dramatic dances, even in their most sensual forms, had a religious significance. The ballet of the Paris Opera may be traced upwards to the sacred, if immodest, rites of the East; and Müller derives the mediæval mysteries in regular descent from the Dionysian festivals of antiquity.

This connexion between the stage and the Church, if it presents a subject for curious historical and literary investigation, has been, however, long and very properly in abeyance. But it seems that nature is always trying to reassert its original parentage. As Mr. Darwin would say, the species possess a tendency to recur to the original type. The real wonder is, that the last alliance between the theatre and the Church should have proceeded from that particular region of the religious world in which the theatre has been held in the greatest abomination. Choral services have been stigmatized as histrionic, and singing the prayers has been censured in the austere circles of Puritanism—sometimes with, and oftener without, any other reason than that they were designed like the theatre to be attractive. Of late, however, this policy has been changed. It has been thought wiser to appropriate the strongholds of Satan. Wesley—or Whitefield was it?—thought that there was no reason why the Devil should have a monopoly of good tunes; and there is extant a volume of "Evangelical Melodies," published in 1849, in which "Fly not yet," and "Oft in the Silly Night," are adapted—metre, and occasionally words—to choice erotic and spiritual sentiments. Preachings, or as they are called "Special Services," in the suburban theatres are the latest development of the same policy, and they may be traced to the same innate love of theatricals which has received so many religious developments. Mr. Spurgeon has exhibited another and a better taste, and a higher class of feelings; and while he has actually given up the Surrey Music Hall because he was disgusted at the thought that the same place should witness on Sundays his own popular entertainment and a concert, the Britannia theatre, the Garrick theatre, the Victoria, and Sadler's Wells are opened for "Sunday Services," in which clergymen of the Church of England and Dissenting preachers occupy the stage alternately. No doubt it will be said by Mr. Mansfield and Mr. Minton—gentlemen of whom we never heard before—that if the services are good no matter where they are held; and perhaps they will remind us that St. Paul's itself is said by Sir Christopher Wren to have occupied the site of a temple of Jupiter. If St. Paul preached on Mars' hill, why should not Mr. Mansfield tread the boards of Mr. Phelps? Partly, perhaps, because Mr. Mansfield is not St. Paul, and partly because the circumstances are not quite the same. For the Church to appropriate, as in the case of the Pantheon, the haunts of the old gods is one thing; but the Church and the Play taking turn and turn about—Jack Sheppard and the Evangelist alternating at the Royal Victoria—is another matter, and must be defended on other than Scriptural and historical precedents.

But, as a matter of common sense and common feeling, it is superfluous to argue the case. Those who respect the theatre may perhaps feel that the desecration is from the side of the Sabbatarian intruders, and that the stage itself is profaned by being hired out for these Sunday exhibitions. As regards

the religious aspect of the thing, it is only an extravagant and offensive form of the religionism of the day. Young Mr. John Bradford, the pupil-teacher, is assured that religion is honoured by turning a church into something worse than a bear garden. And Mr. Mansfield and his clerical friends think that the cause of piety is promoted by performing preachments in the holy places consecrated to the sublime worship of the transpontine Melpomene. Where the echoes of the "Rat-catcher's Daughter" have scarcely died away at twelve o'clock on Saturday night, we are asked to join in "Jesus, lover of my soul," at eleven o'clock on Sunday morning; and the boards which have hardly recovered their spring from Mr. Merryman and Pantaloon, are trod at less than an interval of twelve hours by the feet which are said to be beautiful on the mountains. These associations, if profane, are not our own—they are only what must present themselves to the most unimaginative among the weekday and the Sunday audiences. All that the theatrical or religious public have to complain of is, that the experiment of combining the stage and the pulpit is not fully carried out. The theatrical associations must survive, and the Sunday travestie will only more forcibly recal the deficiencies in what a theatre requires. If attraction is the end in view, there are no stage effects which the religious drama can dispense with. Their absence will but recal the missing properties and familiar objects of the scene. The very sight of an empty orchestra, and the absence of "Nosey" and the fiddlers, must suggest "Tune up" by way of introit. The entrance of the preacher will force the involuntary rising of the half-conscious green curtain. A pause in the performances must, some day or other, extort from a half-converted wag in the gallery the customary appeal for "Hot Codlins," as an appropriate anthem. A theatre without clapping and applause is an unsupportable solecism; nature will reassert its claims, and the preacher will not long be endured unless he enters at the flats and advances to the footlights; and wigs and fleshings must henceforth constitute a considerable item in the theatrical wardrobe of the popular preacher. The alliance, too, must be cordial. The present one-sided reciprocity will never be endured. If Sunday takes to the theatres, the theatres will make reprisals on the Sunday; and Sunday plays must be the logical complement of theatre sermons. We half suspect that the Sunday League and Sir Joshua Walsley are at the bottom of this innovation on the received use of the play-house.

Probably the authors of this very untoward experiment on the religious appetites of the public are superior to all arguments which prevail with the sober-minded. Any folly perpetrated in the name of religion will find advocates. It is of course nothing to those who are reviving the prevailing epidemic of the Middle Ages, and will preach regardless of place and associations, that religious people, of a religion neither unreal nor worldly, are disgusted and perplexed at what they consider a very profane and scandalous innovation on their received habits and all their cherished and consecrated convictions. We do not believe—speaking in their name and representing their feelings—that religion is benefited by its introduction into the scenes and haunts of the stage. If it is right to preach in theatres, it would be, hard to say that sermons ought not to be preached in the Casino and the Argyll Rooms. It is difficult or impossible to draw the line when you say that other places than churches and meeting-houses are to be used for Sunday religious purposes. Hitherto, decency and respect for religion have drawn a very intelligible line, which an undisciplined zeal in some cases, in others the base love of popularity, has thought proper in this instance to outstep. But at least in one case there is an authority to which old-fashioned people think they have a right to appeal. We know, indeed, that many Dissenters are astounded; and we should like to be told what Baxter and Howe would have said of it. But if among the Dissenters there is little ecclesiastical authority, people do think that the Church stands on other grounds; and they feel that, as for other graver and higher reasons, the office of a Bishop is to keep the Established Church respectable and orderly. Languid, perhaps, in its attachment to doctrine, and ignorant, or it may be careless, of speculative theology, there is a vast body of sound, sober, English feeling—and religious feeling too—which has a deep attachment to the Church of England, because it knows that the Church of England can be trusted not to make a fool or a jack-pudding of itself, or of religion. These services at theatres do unquestionably present themselves to nine laymen out of ten simply as a vulgar, disreputable trick, only saved from absolute profanity, if saved at all, by the consummate and ignorant stupidity of those concerned in them. They do not go, or care to go, further into the matter than that it revolts all their habits and feelings—that the thing is unnatural.

This is a deep and important sentiment, which, with all respect to the Church of England and its authorities, that Church and those authorities cannot afford to despise. It is simply public opinion; and public opinion is a strong thing. It is felt that the Church of England suffers by this nonsense. What is gained at one end is lost at the other. We very much doubt, indeed, whether the Church is gaining at all by these very popular movements; and if it does attract here, we know that it repels there. The mission of the Church is to all sorts and conditions of men. It has duties to the educated, to the thoughtful, to the quiet—to the old-fashioned and fixed habits of classes which it is just as much the interest and the duty of the Church to retain, as to gain

costermongers by adopting the habits and haunts of costermongers. No doubt the costermonger's soul is as good as the lawyer's or the doctor's; but, on the other hand, the lawyer's or the doctor's is as good as the costermonger's. That Church is in evil plight which disgusts the one to pander to the other. Of late we have done our evangelizing to one half of society at the cost of the other. France presents the spectacle of a Church which recruits its ranks from the lowest strata of the middle classes. With these social deposits it is popular, but it is popular at the slight expense of the education, the intelligence, and the higher mind of the land. We should be sorry to see the Church of England adopting this policy—in the end a fatal one. We observe signs of this lowering of its tone—this voluntary forfeiture of part of its mission. We deplore all this, not only for the sake of the Church, but upon social grounds. We want no more of our English institutions Tower Hamletized. The Church is becoming Tower Hamletized. There is a bishop claiming, not only canonical, but some other obedience from these theatre sermonizers. It is possible that the Bishop of London approves—we believe that it is equally possible that he disapproves—of these proceedings. At any rate, he must have an opinion. It is not pretended that he has formally sanctioned these services. If he does not approve, he must disapprove. If he disapproves, most likely he has notified such disapproval; for of all courses neutrality is the worst, because it does most harm, and indeed is, in this case, impossible. But his approval, or his disapproval, ought to be known. There are, we can assure those in authority—and authority is the quarter to which we have a right to appeal in such cases—thousands of people neither clergymen nor High Churchmen, nor perhaps Churchmen of any very conscious or defined views at all, who would like to be informed what the Right Reverend the Bench thinks of the Theatre "Special Services." Let us understand the matter fully. If it is right, let us do the thing thoroughly. If Mr. Mansfield is in his place at Sadler's Wells, the Most Reverend the Archbishop of Canterbury would not be out of his place on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre or the Royal Italian Opera in the Haymarket. If one is right, the other cannot be wrong.

MR. JOHN AUSTIN.

IF justice required that honours and wealth should be distributed according to the mental stature reached by eminent men, or according to the substantial services which they may have rendered to their generation, the world would have been very unjust to a very remarkable man who has recently left it, and whose death, as far as we know, has excited absolutely no public attention whatever.

The recent decease of Mr. John Austin at Weybridge was hardly known beyond the circle of his personal friends; yet amongst the many remarkable men whose names were or might have been recorded in the obituaries of 1859, there was probably not one who possessed in a higher degree some of the most important elements of greatness. It may be doubted whether in that year any more learned man, or any more profound and exact thinker, passed away from amongst us, and it is a striking proof of the incapacity of ordinary observers to do justice to such qualities that this description will probably appear false and extravagant to most of those who read it. It is, however, the fact that Mr. Austin was almost the only Englishman who ever studied and wrote upon law in a philosophical spirit, and that he was one of the very few Englishmen who in these days have had sufficient personal dignity and courage to dare to be poor, and to lead a life of study and meditation in an age when material results alone command either respect or reward.

Mr. Austin was born in the latter part of the last century, and in early life entered the army, in which he served as a subaltern through part of the Peninsular war. It is singular that a man who had afterwards such close and intimate relations with French society should have entered France for the first time as an invader by the road of the Pyrenees. After the peace, Mr. Austin adopted the profession of the law, and he was probably almost the only lawyer who ever pursued it with a view to its scientific and not to its professional aspects. He delivered lectures upon jurisprudence at University College, and was afterwards one of the members of the Commission by which the criminal law was freed from the grosser abuses in which it abounded thirty years ago, and was moulded into a form which, if neither symmetrical nor complete, has at least the merit of being practically useful and reasonably intelligible. After the completion of his labours on this Commission, Mr. Austin was appointed, jointly with Sir G. C. Lewis, to be Commissioner for the purpose of inquiring into the state of the government of Malta. The remainder of his life was passed in a dignified and studious retirement, partly in Paris and partly in England.

The slight degree of public attention excited by Mr. Austin's life and death is readily explained by the fact that the subject to which he applied himself was of a special and technical nature, and that his single independent publication was of necessity addressed to a very limited class of readers; but though these considerations relieve from the charge of injustice and neglect a society from which Mr. Austin asked nothing and received very little, they do not diminish the inherent power and greatness of the man. His lectures on the Province of Jurisprudence belong to a sort of literature rare in any country, but probably nowhere so rare as in our own. They are a really impartial and scientific

investigation of a subject which is usually dismissed with a few rhetorical phrases which neither have, nor were apparently meant to have, any precise signification whatever. He is almost the only Englishman, with the exception of Bentham and Hobbes, who has made contributions of any considerable importance to the philosophical study of law; and the value of his work consists in the fact that, absolutely rejecting all rhetoric, all imagination, and all considerations derived in any way whatever from political, historical, or national prepossessions, he has affixed precise and intelligible meanings to the terms which denote the great leading conceptions which underlie the whole subject of which he treats. A man who gives his readers a distinct notion of law, of sovereignty, and of the province to which these conceptions apply, has done a service to those who think on the subject which it is almost impossible to describe, and not very easy to exaggerate.

Mr. Austin was not remarkable solely for the massive power and wonderfully firm and close texture of his understanding. His personal character was, or ought to have been, more instructive in these days than his intellectual vigour. He lived and died a poor man. He was little known, and little appreciated, nor did he seek for the rewards which society had to give; but in all that he said and did there was a dignity and magnanimity which conveyed one of the most impressive lessons that can be conceived as to the true nature and true sources of greatness. As Mr. Mill has most justly said, we are learning to care so much for results that we cease to think of the men who produce them, and we are in some danger of seeing a land of palaces inhabited by a race of pigmies. The peculiarity of Mr. Austin was, that he was not one of the men who are never contented unless they are producing some specific result. It was impossible to see how wise, how learned, and how dignified he was, without feeling that the reserved forces of nature have their value as well as those which are brought into active service, and without wishing that the value of quiet strength and simple dignity were more highly esteemed than the fussy benevolence of the day would lead us to esteem them.

IRISH IMPERIALISM.

THE chronicles of pheasant-shooting tell us of a beater who, having been stationed for some time in perilous proximity to the erratic discharge of several ardent but indiscreet sportsmen, greeted the signal to advance with "Thank God for that! for they've been pouring it into me awful!" If the French Emperor could know of half the cruel things that are said about him just now by Irish orators and journalists, his feelings, we should imagine, would be somewhat similar. He is having a hot time of it. From one end of the Emerald Isle to another, a hundred barrels are being discharged in his direction. Galway and Tipperary are "pouring it into him awful." The devotion of Dundalk and Arklow has exploded in a perfect battery of invective; the *Nation* has blazed away at the common enemy with a vast deal of gunpowder and a heavy charge of the very smallest sparrow-shot; and an enthusiastic band of reverend and right reverend gentlemen head the battue. Palace, altar, and cabin keep up an active fire, and unless the Imperial victim be providentially pachydermatous, his conscience must, long before this, have been riddled into a condition sufficiently distressing to satisfy the vengeance of even Hibernian Ultramontaniam.

The hurricane of indignation which is just now beating upon the Tuileries must derive an additional element of horror from the contrast it offers to the tranquillity upon which it has so rudely broken. But an hour ago there was the cloudless sky, the genial atmosphere of popularity, the zephyr sighing with its perfumed burthen of adulation. Every sight, every sound told a flattering tale of peace. We look again, and every feature of the scene is changed. Like the spirits of the damned, the French Emperor is being led by a cruel necessity—

To feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.

His recent panegyrics have passed by a sudden effort of intellectual agility into the most opposite strain of wholesale vituperation. He has endured the hot glare of their goodwill—now he has the ice of their displeasure. Even Dr. Cullen breathes a bitter complaint at the impenetrable mystery of the Parisian Sphinx, and avails himself of the French Government's disavowal of the obnoxious pamphlet to compare its author to the wretches who dressed their Saviour in a robe of state only to add to the bitterness of their mockery. Dean Kieran, to whose keen glance "the complicity of England with the rebels of Bologna is as patent as the existence of the sun," has only just discovered that Louis Napoleon has gagged the press, destroyed representative government, and even suppressed the episcopal pastorals, and so has for ever disqualified himself for the task of offering political advice to the Father of Christendom. From every quarter there arise the gloomy sounds of complaint, vengeance, and angry vaticination. Ireland smiles upon her favourite no longer. Such are the vicissitudes of sovereigns—such the terrible alternations that chequer even the most sublime of human existences.

We have not far to look for an explanation of the change, and it is one which throws no little light upon the amount of good sense and proper feeling existing among those inveterate Irish agitators who are so often attempting—fortunately with marked ill-success—to colour the popular sentiment with the pre-

judices of a faction, and to exalt their own narrow and one-sided suggestions to the dignity of a national movement. Two months ago the French Emperor was the darling of these men, because they believed him an able and ready exponent of that bitter dislike towards the English Government which is always smouldering on the Continent, and which successive parties are accustomed, as serves their turn, to do their best to fan into a flame. It was his supposed enmity to this country which rendered him precious in their eyes, and their fervid imaginations were ready with a hundred pleasant schemes for the aggrandizement of their new-found favourite. By this time, if they had had their way, or if their loudly-uttered hopes could have exercised the slightest influence on any rational being, we should have had a MacMahon dynasty enthroned at Dublin, and regiments of victorious Zouaves manœuvring in the Phoenix Park. A French despot—such was the triumphant avowal of these discriminating patriots—was speedily to arrive, the Avatar of an oppressed nationality, and the sure though tardy retributor of England's thousand crimes. The heavy chains which centuries of oppression had riveted upon the suffering Celt were to drop off, as if by magic, at this blessed advent. A thousand of St. Patrick's brave boys looked wistfully to the Tuileries for the signal which was to tell them that the moment of deliverance had arrived, and that England—her cup of iniquity at length full—was to be swept forthwith by an Imperial hand from her place among the nations. From altar, pulpit, and confessional a devoted priesthood was ready, with blessing, and exhortation, and prayer. The daughters of Erin hastened to deck the brow of the happy warrior who typified the triumph at once of Irish valour and French discipline. No hope was too wild, no praise too lavish, no language too exaggerated for so delightful an occasion. England was about to receive a long-merited chastisement—Ireland looked on with delight, cheered the castigator to his pleasing task, and did her utmost to precipitate the blow.

It is a pity that, in this apathetic age, so much good enthusiasm should have been aroused in vain, and such highly-strung panegyrics have been lavished upon an unworthy object. Disappointment awaited the clients of Imperialism. French policy took an unexpected turn. The noisy murmurs of animosity against England, which had been rising daily higher and higher from every portion of the Empire, were silenced by a single wave of the magician's wand. The Calibans who had barked and growled were reduced to a decorous reticence, and throughout Europe a sort of reaction in favour of this country appeared to ensue. So far from experiencing that isolation with which M. de Montalembert had threatened her as the reward of an ignoble neglect of political responsibilities, England found that she seldom had been more influential in Continental deliberations; and the two Governments which had been recently supposed to be so violently antagonistic were discovered to be at all events almost equally opposed to the pretensions of the Vatican. From the perverse heresy of the one this can have been no surprise; but the arrangements which the eldest son of the Church suggested for his parent's decrepitude were only the more aggravating to Catholic sentiment from the laboured terms of politeness in which they were couched. A new phase of politics had opened up, and Hibernian piety, in all the bitterness of blighted hopes, roused itself to thunder reproof where but so lately it had only to commend. Ireland had been cruelly deceived—she had adored not wisely, but too well. She had plighted an eternal attachment, but so altered were the tones of the Imperial object of her affections, so darkened the lineaments which once suggested nothing but hope, that 'twere simple perjury to love him now. All Christendom was forthwith called in to attest the extinction of her misplaced love. Her indignation is designedly demonstrative, and the *Nation* supplies us with the reason of her noisy lamentations. A Genevese paper, called *L'Esperance*—we suppose from its cheerful credulity—has been rash enough to inform the Irish Catholics that the eyes of Europe are upon them. In Cabinet and Court their movements have created "a profound sensation." Backsliding diplomatists have paused, listened, and repented. Ireland having, "by the efforts and tears of centuries, and the blood of some thirty generations of martyred forefathers," raised herself to "comparative freedom," is resolved to tell the plenipotentiaries beforehand what she expects at their hand, and to save the Congress from a great wrong, Europe from a fatal settlement, and the universe from so enormous an iniquity as the continued enjoyment by the Romagnese of the liberties which they have dared to arrogate. The responsibilities of so conspicuous a position naturally call for a strain of eloquence more than usually luminous and impassioned. At the head of the Christian world stands the Irish Church, and at the head of the Irish Church stand Canon Redmond and the Abbé Gillooly. The former dignitary meets the requirements of the occasion by a brandish of the shillelagh and a wild yell at the Imperial deceiver. Once, indeed, he had described him as "illustrious," but that was in his early days of devotion to St. Peter. Since then there has been a sad falling away. "I do indeed believe that he has the blood of a hundred thousand men red upon his soul, as truly as the blood of Uriah stained the soul of David, and I am sorry to think that, instead of imitating the repentance of the Jewish King, he glories in his deeds of blood." The Empire has not indeed been quite as pacific as its initiator predicted; still to say that "the sweetest savour in his nostrils is the reeking gore of the battle field," is a somewhat bolder description of military propensities than even Solferino and

Magenta can be considered to justify. But the reverend orator bethinks him of a listening world, and is resolved at any rate to scream loud enough to be heard at Versailles. The Gillooly style of oratory is equally slashing, and the Abbé seems to think that an element of Irish Ultramontaniam ought to be introduced to give weight, calmness, and dignity to the proceedings of a European assembly. "Shall the Jew, the Schismatic, the Heretic, and the Infidel sit in council upon our beloved Father, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and shall we, his children, be debarred admittance? Never! Forbid it Heaven! It shall not be so! They shall hear us in the coming Congress. The voice of the Universal Church cannot be ignored. We are the people of God, and kings were made for us!" It is enough; the mystery of existence is solved; the final end of all things is a Gillooly. Let us leave him knocking at the closed door, where the Abbé's prophetic eye beholds the "Vandals of civilization" holding their ungodly councils. Some gentle emanation may, we will hope, escape through the key-hole, and by a gracious influence mitigate some, at least, of the impieties of unenlightened diplomacy. Virtue is infectious; and even a Cavour may be improved by the proximity of so choice a specimen of the children of heaven.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

WE have had during the past week a very interesting addition to the family party of periodical literature. A little stranger has appeared amongst us, and we hasten with a congratulatory offering to the cradle where so much innocence and beauty repose. With confident hopes, noble designs, and an ample supply of the very best resolutions, the *Dial* has sprung into the light of day. It looks to doing great things for the cause of humanity. The world is deplorably out of joint, and this energetic reformer has been born to set it right. It accepts its mission with laudable alacrity. It does not, indeed—it is a relief to one's Conservatism to hear it—"propose to re-write the fundamental laws of morality;" but it is evident that it will not take long to bring about a state of things as different as possible from the present constitution of human affairs. Its prenatal existence has not been without its vicissitudes. Time, money, and the anxious activity of many a philanthropic brain have been needed to transform the National Newspaper League Company from a wildly beautiful fiction of the imagination into a solid and tangible reality. Complicated machinery for the regeneration of the species must be gradually elaborated. Systems of this sort are not the "growth of hours. Such may be the case with companies which have the rooting of the mushroom and the duration of the gourd," but the present organization has been for years past striking root throughout every portion of the United Kingdom. It was not till the plant was well nourished with the healthy sap of many thousand shareholders that it burst into blossom. Even now its full growth is hardly attained. Mankind is to be charmed and instructed only "once a-week for the present;" but as time goes on, and subscriptions pour in from grateful disciples, we shall day by day have the untiring monitor by our sides, to guide our erring steps, to enlighten our consciences, and to touch our hearts. By degrees all other journals will gracefully accord the palm to a higher morality and serener intelligence than their own. It will be the millennium of literature. Tranquillity will reign in Printing-house-square. *Bell's Life* and the *Record* will quote each other's articles, and be at peace amongst themselves. The *Saturday Reviver* will have expired in a cloud of its own scurrility; the *Tiser* will weep maudlin tears of affection over the columns of the *Guardian*; an amicable silence will reign around, and in the midst the *Dial* will stand erect, pointing heavenwards for humanity in general, and making the fortunes of its own happy shareholders in particular.

The account which it gives us of the different functions of the daily and weekly press has made us doubly anxious for the moment to arrive when we shall never be left for twenty-four hours together without a fresh supply of wisdom, purity, and intelligence. Soft as Memnon's harp at morning, the *Dial* will day by day impart to listening earth some chords of those celestial harmonies which it alone is privileged to re-echo. Daily journalism "brings the entire compass of man's present activity under almost instantaneous review by the general intellect and conscience;" "it gives consciousness to civilization, makes thought and action all but meet;" encourages beneficence, exposes criminal ambition, and "with the keen shaft of ridicule or the direct fire of sense, shoots folly as it flies." The weekly writer has another function equally delightful assigned to him. We might have expected that he would have to knock over any flying folly which had escaped the sportsmen of the preceding six days, like a gamekeeper going round for the wounded birds the morning after a *battue*. But no; he sits on a superior height, and looks down upon the ebb and flow of human events. Scorning "to chronicle each hurrying phase of speculation," he fixes his eagle glance upon the tales of science, and the long result of time. "Subjecting first impressions to a deliberate and reflective scrutiny, he marshals passing events in the order of cause and effect, and strives to anticipate the verdicts of history."

It is encouraging to know that the people by whom operations on so grand a scale are to be conducted are disturbed by no misgivings as to their competence for the task. They look back to the past, and see that triumph is inevitable. "The most

marked successes in the history of journalism have been achieved by the resolute assertion of independence;" and the conductors of the *Dial* feel inexpressibly independent. Factions, with their narrow views and violent prejudices, party-spirit so hasty and illiberal, all those defective views of large subjects with which the limited capacities of the majority of mankind are so apt to be content, are entirely ignored by these privileged gentlemen. With the kindness so characteristic of genius, they "have no animosity towards denominational or party journals;" but they are none the less sensible of their deficiencies. They can pity and forgive; they can make allowance for the "unconscious bias" of a one-sided reasoner; but they cannot allow him to speak with authority on "interests national in their scale, and sympathies human in their range." Here it is that the judicial calmness of the *Dial* necessarily establishes a monopoly. This last is emphatically the sphere which it chooses as its own, and a determined editor has sworn by the graves of his ancestors, and is on his honour before the country, that no party shall ever be able to claim him as a tool.

We have not to wait long for a practical realization of principles so ennobling and knowledge so enlarged. We wander through a few pages of general information, glance at a political speech, step lightly across a little stream of advertisements, which seems to guard the approach of some unusually sacred precinct, and find ourselves face to face with all the imposing glories of an "Ethical Column." Here the *Dial*, under the appellation of David Thomas, throws the reins on the neck of its moral nature, and gallops away into infinite space with a temerity which tasks our confidence to the utmost. Emerson, observes our new instructor, used to say that he made poetry of everything else, but that the moral sentiment made poetry of him. It would be impossible to say what it has made of Mr. David Thomas. If poetry, it is certainly of the most spasmodic and incoherent order with which it has ever been our destiny as critics to be confronted. With a beautiful abruptness the rhapsody commences with a philosophical dictum, "Man is moral;" and moral, we are soon informed, not merely here or there, but "in the entirety of his existence, and in all the endless play of his energies." Why, asks the bard, "why not have the sentiment of right acting through all the wheels in the machinery of human life?"—and then, instead of the jarring discord which grates upon the ear, every revolution would echo the sweet music of the spheres!" In this age of popular concerts such a pleasing arrangement could not fail to be duly appreciated, and it is to this that the ethical column is expressly dedicated. From it we shall view matters "not in the grey beams of hoary precedent, nor in the flickering rays of expediency, but in the broad and unchanging light" of the most elevated morality. Some foolish people have thought that, as the *Dial* was to be above all particular opinions, and to disavow every party alike, it might be wanting in principles for its guidance; but David Thomas strikes his harp wildly, and in a few bold periods dispels so pernicious a delusion. He feels himself positively bristling with principles. "The *Dial* will teem" with them; the composers of the establishment will no doubt regale themselves at luncheon time on great moral dicta, and fundamental truths will be familiar as household words in the mouths of the printer's devils who are privileged to play a humble part in building this pillar of philosophy to support the tottering virtue of a degenerate age.

Our cradle-song must come to a close. May all prosperity attend a scheme which is at any rate undertaken with excellent intentions. It is a great thing that 8000 shareholders should attest in good hard cash their wish to be fair, liberal, and dispassionate. At the same time, it would be well for the directors of so ambitious a contrivance to remember that they do not enjoy an absolute monopoly of the laudable motives and wishes which they parade with so much ostentation. Other people before them have resolved to be free from bias, to be the tool of no party, to decide questions upon their actual merits, and to carry the sublime doctrines of Christianity into the language and conduct of everyday life. If they have failed, it may have been not from feebleness of desire, but from difficulties which the *Dial* may perhaps learn by experience are much more serious than its ardent infancy is disposed to believe. Arrogance, however, is pardonable in a child, and advancing years will no doubt convince our new contemporary that the stoutest resolutions stand the best chance of being successfully realized when they are entertained with some feelings of diffidence, and announced with a certain degree of quietness and modesty.

THE PANTOMIMES.

WITH all the extravagance of its details, and its seeming dependence on popular caprice, there is no species of drama that has more rigidly adhered to a prescribed form, or manifested a more obstinate vitality, than the Christmas pantomime. Deans may preach against it, intellectualists may affect to despise it, young gentlemen of the *blasé* school may profess that they have ceased to "believe" in it, reformers may endeavour to modify it for higher uses; but there it stands, undying and unchangeable, the national play *par excellence*. The foreigner who takes up a daily journal, and follows the list of theatrical advertisements during six weeks from the festival of St. Stephen inclusive, must be amazed to find how Harlequin is regarded as an essential symbol of the season in every district

of the metropolis. The Olympic, on account of the special talent of Mr. F. Robson, and the Strand, to suit the exigencies of its small but efficient company, are alone constant in their preference of burlesque to harlequinade, and this year the traditional worship of the mask and bat is eschewed at the Adelphi; but these are the only exceptions on the list. At all the other theatres, large or small, Cispontine or Transpontine, central or suburban, are a number of performers working simultaneously—ay, at nearly the same hours of the clock—to give effect to a number of dramas constructed on precisely the same principle. Drury Lane is opened for the pantomime, and nothing else; Covent Garden, because it is lyric, is not the less pantomimic; and a pantomime signalizes the new establishment of St. James's as a permanent property. Nor can all our theatres together supply the demand for Harlequin in the way of ordinary routine. The managers must have morning performances of pantomimes in addition to their evening exhibitions, unless they would miss a vast amount of available patronage. Let the most successful author of any other class of drama note this fact, and learn humility. When is there a morning performance of tragedy, comedy, farce, or melodrama? For pantomime alone is this pre-eminent honour reserved, which at Christmas-time is reflected in the burlesque.

No similar predilection is to be found in any other country of the world. In Paris, the winter holidays are celebrated by the production of certain fantastic pieces called "Revue," which, in accordance with their name, review the events of the past year; but these are only produced at a few theatres, not of the highest rank. At the extreme end of the Boulevard du Temple, there is (or was) a wretched little edifice, named "Le Théâtre des Funambules," where pantomimes are played all the year round; but these are got up on the most economical principles, and are patronized by the humbler classes exclusively. As for our relatives of the United States, who implicitly follow the London stage in other respects, we are credibly informed that none of them have ever seen a pantomime in their own country to the present day.

Nor is the universal taste for pantomime among Englishmen more remarkable than the rigidity of form imposed upon its construction. It must begin with a tale totally unconnected with Harlequin and his associates, and this tale—called the "Introduction"—is brought to a climax which in any other dramatic work would be followed by the fall of the curtain. But in lieu of the green baize a fairy appears, and, with all the authority proper to supernatural potency, commands the *dramatis personæ* to change into the personages of the Harlequinade, who carry on an action which has no reference to anything that has taken place before, and which—it may be predicted as certainly as the recurrence of any natural phenomenon—mainly consists in a series of depredations committed on the shopkeepers of London. Such is the form that has been preserved, with deviations numerically too insignificant for notice, since the days of *Mother Goose*, which was brought out upwards of fifty years ago; and if it were disregarded, the whole British public would be competent to declare that the work represented was not a pantomime. There are even details of business that should be introduced into all pantomimes alike, however they may vary in other respects, and a rigorous adherence to precedent regulates even the title printed in the bills. The name of the Covent Garden pantomime, for instance, is *Puss in Boots; or, Harlequin and the Fairy of the Golden Palms*. The first portion of this title denotes the plot of the "Introduction," and of course varies with the title selected, but it is indispensably necessary that the conjunction "or" should be immediately followed by the word "Harlequin." Were Harlequin mentioned in the first portion of the double title, the effect would be as shocking as that of a term placed in the wrong member of an algebraical equation. Talk of the unities of time and place—they are nothing to the fetters of pantomimes.

What is still more strange, the form which has existed at least during the whole of the present century is not derivable from the foreign elements of which English pantomime is composed. Mrs. Afra Behn, Mountfort, and others, wrote short comedies in which the Italian masks were introduced; but they were merely adaptations or imitations of the French pieces which the Italians themselves performed in Paris towards the end of the seventeenth century, and which were imitated anew by Mr. Planché in the extravaganza which inaugurated the opening of the Princess's Theatre under the management of Mr. Harris. In the personages who figure in the old *Commedia dell'arte* the points of resemblance to the characters of English pantomime are less remarkable than the points of difference. The loosely-clad valet, Arlecchino, essentially a "low comedian," is totally distinct from the slim, glittering magician, Harlequin, who has borrowed from him his name, his mask, and his patches. The ancient Columbine is a *soubrette*—ours, a dancing lady. As for our Clown, he is not even nominally connected with his Continental predecessor, Pierrot, nor is there the least similarity between the dresses of the two characters. In France, where he sometimes appears as the buffoon of a circus, he is always denominated "le Clown Anglais," for want of a vernacular equivalent. The connexion between the personages of English pantomime and those of Italian comedy is, in fact, very similar to that which exists between the deities of Greek mythology and those of ancient Egypt. Zeus and his Court may be traceable to Osiris

and his kin, but they became thoroughly nationalized in their European country after they crossed the water.

When the combination of two separate dramas (the "Introduction" and the "Harlequinade") into one pantomime actually commenced, it is hard to say; certainly it did not come from the Gallo-Italian comedies. Those elaborate accounts of Christmas entertainments which now look so portentous in the journals of every 27th of December are not to be found in connexion with the early history of pantomime; but the critics of sixty years back thought they had amply performed their duty when they indicated the existence of the seasonable foolery, and excused themselves from further particulars on the ground that such productions were only designed for the amusement of children. A history of the national English pantomime, as distinguished from those pieces of the eighteenth century in which the *talking Harlequin* appeared, is still a desideratum; but if ever such a thing is published, we do not imagine it will prove an existence of the present form of pantomime for more than sixty years. Certain it is, that when we go beyond *Mother Goose* we come to pantomime in which there is no regular "Introduction," but Harlequin is Harlequin *ab initio*.

For all practical purposes we may regard the present form of pantomime as established beyond the memory of play-going man, and accepted as a condition precedent when the merits of particular productions of the class are criticized. No one dreams of a pantomime without an introduction; and those simple harlequinades which our desirated history may be expected to reveal, will no more affect laws of pantomimic art than the crude recitations of Thespis directed the *Poetics* of Aristotle. When people talk—and in this matter their talk is generally correct—about the decline of pantomimes, they especially mean that the importance of the "Introduction" has been augmented at the expense of the harlequinade. Possibly this decline was inevitable, through the circumstance that the "Introduction" is susceptible of infinite variety, and especially suits the burlesquing tendency of the age, whereas in the harlequinade there is an essential sameness. A decrease of that peculiar humour which was typified in the person of Grimaldi, and the substitution of gymnastic talent for histrionic ability in the Clown, may be set down among the causes or the effects of this decline. Assuredly many modern pantomimes are virtually burlesques, with a few scenes of harlequinade as a formal supplement. For instance, the introduction of *King Thrushbeard*, now played at the Lyceum, is devoid even of those grotesque masks that have generally distinguished the prefatory part of pantomimes from burlesque proper, and is not a whit more enlivened by practical jokes than the extravaganza with which its author, Mr. F. Talfourd, has supplied the Strand. Mr. Byron, on the other hand, equally celebrated as a parodist of serious stories, has observed the distinction between the two kinds of work. He has written the fairy extravaganza for the Adelphi, and also the "Introduction" to the Princess's pantomime, *Jack the Giant-killer*; but the latter, with its grotesque representatives of King Arthur and his knights, is in the very spirit of pantomime as distinguished from burlesque.

Much more recent than the encroachment of the "Introduction" upon the harlequinade is the importance given to the scene which stands between the two, and is commonly called the "transformation scene." The object of this scene is the representation of some fairy region by an apt combination of mechanical appliances with splendours partly pictorial, partly produced by living female figures dressed in glittering costumes. The magnificent pictures with which Mr. W. Beverley terminated the Lyceum burlesques, under the management of Mr. Charles Mathews, gave the impulse to a new elaboration of the transformation-scene in pantomime; and Mr. E. T. Smith, who opens Drury Lane for this species of entertainment alone, has for several years secured the services of that celebrated artist. Many painters, however, now compete with Mr. Beverley in this peculiar branch of scenic decoration. Mr. Callcott at the Lyceum, Mr. Fenton at the Haymarket, the veteran Messrs. Grieve and Telbin at Covent Garden, and Mr. Coventry—a promising novice—at the St. James's, all vie with him and with each other in one narrow field. In originality of conception, Mr. Callcott and Mr. Fenton stand pre-eminent this year—the former producing an entirely new effect with a broad lake of real looking-glass, overhung by gigantic fern-leaves, which open to reveal a glittering background—the latter unfolding the mysteries of a huge valentine, which is first shown in its envelope, and afterwards displays a variety of fanciful devices, such as commonly adorn the amatory epistles of the 14th of February. Even the great Beverley, though he shows his exquisite taste in the arrangement of his colours, must confess that this year he is surpassed by Messrs. Callcott and Fenton in novelty of design. Another *sine quâ non* of modern pantomime is a "ballet" which takes place towards the middle of the "Introduction;" and here also the leading painters enter into competition with each other, the subject generally being a quiet landscape, contrasting as strongly as possible with the moveable glitter proper to the Transformation. Of the ballet scene there is a good specimen at every house in London, but nothing that will obliterate the memory of Mr. Beverley's exquisite Watteau picture, exhibited at Drury Lane last winter. Those moving panoramas which we once associated with the name of Stanfield, and which were so conspicuous at Covent Garden and Drury Lane during the management of Mr. Macready, have long ceased to form part of the Christmas entertainment.

Comparing the pantomimes with each other, we are inclined to think that the one most perfect in all its parts is to be found at the Princess's. Here the "Introduction," enlivened by the acting of Miss Louisa Keeley as Jack the Giant Killer, by Mr. Shore's humorous portraiture of the giant, and by the fooleries of King Arthur and his Court, is still restrained from overbalancing the harlequinade, which is supplied with a great number of mechanical changes that prove the power of the motley magician's bat. Where pantomime degenerates, the managers show their strong conviction of the fact that kicking and tumbling cost nothing, whereas a "trick" is an expensive article. Thus, at Covent Garden, where the "Introduction" is most elaborate, the harlequinade is almost entirely destitute of those specimens of mechanical ingenuity which, in the good old days, stood high among the essentials of harlequinade. In giving importance to his harlequinade, Mr. Harris is assisted not a little by his Clown, Mr. Forrester, a young man of the old school, whose merits attracted the attention of London connoisseurs when, about a year ago, he made his *début* in the remote region of Astley's.

There is in the Haymarket pantomime an exceptional merit which should not be passed over in silence. The story of the "Introduction" is entirely original, showing in a pretty poetical manner how a pair of rustic lovers are lured into quarrel by the malicious artifices of a clique of calumnious witches, and ultimately reconciled through the good offices of Bishop Valentine. Mr. Buckstone, who has long paused from his labours as an author of comedy and drama, shows his old talent in this "Introduction," which is one of his happiest achievements—a tone of St. Valentine, with all his appurtenances of billing and cooing, postmen and true-lover's knots, pervading the action throughout, till they are wrought up to a climax in the transformation scene.

In consequence of its many elements of success—comprising the *prestige* of Mr. Beverley as a painter, a vastness of dimension which admits of infinite variety, and the assemblage of a double company—the pantomime at Drury Lane is, beyond a doubt, the most attractive spectacle in London. Here the harlequinade is not only important, but is greatly prolonged by the employment of the two companies, who relieve each other. The excellent Clowns, Flexmore and Boleno, figure in alternate scenes; and as each naturally dreads an eclipse by his friendly rival, every scene becomes almost an independent drama in itself. Beginning early and ending late, Mr. E. T. Smith's pantomime is thus the pantomime *par excellence*. But he must take care not to repose on laurels already gained. His entertainment this year is by no means remarkable for invention, and his costumes have not that bright cleanly appearance which pleases the eye at the smaller houses.

The old Aristophanic license of pantomime is as free from check as ever. Were a farce written about the "Four Merchants of Liverpool," it would be at once stifled by the Lord Chamberlain; but, under the auspices of Harlequin, these luckless gentlemen are reviled in every shape that fancy can suggest. At the St. James's they even appear in *propriis personis*, with asses' heads painted between their scapular bones. Great is the demonstration, too, in favour of the rifle volunteers. There is not a house which does not give its mite of encouragement to the volunteer movement; and at the Princess's a dance by a number of females in the rifle uniform is one of the main features of the pantomime.

REVIEWS.

SEA DREAMS.*

THE latest Greek dictionary informs us that an idyll is "a short, highly-wrought, descriptive poem, generally, but not necessarily, on pastoral subjects." Perhaps this is as good a definition as could be given, for no one can doubt that the idylls which have made the word familiar in the present day to English readers are short, highly-wrought, and descriptive. Mr. Tennyson's idylls are not pastoral, like those of Theocritus, for the excellent reason that England is not a pastoral country. But, like the idylls of the Sicilian poet, Mr. Tennyson's idylls are connected with the ordinary domestic life of his day. It seems to be a requisite of an idyll that the life it describes should be made as simple as possible, either by the action being bound up with the most elementary occurrences of domestic life, or by the rank of the persons spoken of keeping the pitch of the poem humble and low. "Dora" is, we should suppose, the most popular of Mr. Tennyson's idylls; and, although it is not so highly-wrought as the "Gardener's Daughter," it is more descriptive, in the sense that there are more interesting things described in it, and not so many thoughts about things described. But, after all, we are not quite sure that there is any test of an idyll by which we can recognise a poem as such. When Mr. Tennyson tells us a poem is an idyll, we accept the statement; but if another poet wrote a short, highly-wrought, descriptive poem on domestic life, we should not feel at all sure that it was an idyll. Mr. Tennyson has invented a mode of treating such subjects in verse, and perhaps we ought to accept "an idyll" as a way of describing that he is the author, and that his subject is a domestic incident. This is a point more important than it seems at

* *Sea Dreams*: an Idyll. By Alfred Tennyson. "Macmillan's Magazine," January, 1860.

first sight. It is scarcely credible how many associations gather round a word of this sort, and with what illusions we are apt to approach a poem which a competent authority assures us is a lyric, an ode, or an idyll. Instead, therefore, of saying that Mr. Tennyson has published a new idyll, we will say that he has published a new poem—that the poem is about a clerk and his wife in bed—and that it is well worth reading, both because it throws some light on the working of the author's mind, and also because, although there are passages in it which no one else could have published, there are also passages in it that no one else could have written.

As it is published in a periodical, it may easily escape the notice of many of our readers; and we must therefore begin by giving a sketch of its contents. A city clerk and his wife take their child to the seaside, and their holiday is marred by the irritation and regret felt by the husband at having been induced by a smooth-tongued scoundrel to place his savings in a Peruvian mine. The first day after their arrival is Sunday; and being "pious varriers from the Church," they go to chapel, where—

A heated pulpiteer,
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,
Announced the coming doom, and fulminated
Against the scarlet woman and her creed:
For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd
"Thus, thus with violence," ev'n as if he held
The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself
Were that great Angel; "Thus with violence
Shall Babylon be cast into the sea;
Then comes the close."

While the wife occupies herself with dismal thoughts of the ruin of the world, the husband is busy pondering over the wreck of his own fortunes. After service is over, they take a walk, which is very prettily described:—

Forth they moved and paced the sand,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed
(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Until the sails were darken'd in the west
And rosed in the east: then homeward and to bed.

The night is fair, but the tide rolls in heavily to the coast, and its loud sounds mingle with the dreams of each; but before the dreams are described, the husband returns to the wrongs he has suffered from his spoiler, whom the wife wishes him to forgive. He honestly owns that he cannot forgive him, and then gives an account of his dream. The tide had seemed to bear him through the cliffs into a land "bright with the sun upon the stream beyond." Near the light he saw a giant woman "all over earthy, like a piece of earth," and he was surveying the beauty of the country, when he was awake by the flickering of the night-light. Fortunately, however, he resumed the dream when he fell to sleep again. The strange woman reappeared, and as she told him that she was dirty with working in the mine, he naturally asked her how his shares were likely to turn out; but she did not answer, and only shook her head. The rest of the dream is thus described:—

And then the motion of the current ceas'd,
And there was rolling thunder; and we reach'd
A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns;
But she with her strong feet up the steep hill
Trode out a path: I followed; and at top
She pointed seaward: there a fleet of glass,
That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud
That not one moment ceased to thunder, past
In sunshine: right across its track there lay,
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,
Or what seem'd gold: and I was glad at first
To think that in our often-ransack'd world
Still so much gold was left; and then I fear'd
Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,
And fearing, waved my arm to warn them off;
An idle signal, for the brittle fleet
(I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,
Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,
I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see
My dream was Life; the woman honest Work;
And my poor venture but a fleet of glass
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.

The wife suggests that the dream was greatly caused by his having broken a medicine-glass in putting out his hand; and the husband, recurring to the memory of his wrongdoer, describes how he had met him on the previous day, and how the oily hypocrite tried to put him off with texts and blessings:—

And then began to boast himself, and coze
All over with the fat affectionate smile
That makes the widow lean.

The victim was not, however, to be any more beguiled:—

My eyes
Pursued him down the street, and far away,
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,
Read rascal in the motions of his back,
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding knee.

The wife then tells her own dream, which runs thus:—

I dream'd that round the north
A light, a belt of luminous vapour, lay,
And ever in it a low musical note
Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge

Of breaker came from out the belt, and still
Grew with the growing note, and when the note
Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that
Which lived within the belt) by which I saw
That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,
Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
One after one: and then the great ridge drew,
Lessening to the lessening music, back,
And past into the belt and swell'd again
To music: ever when it broke I saw
The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;
Then from the gaps of ruin which it left
Came men and women in dark clusters round,
Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!"
And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."
And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved
In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find
Their wildest wailings never out of tune
With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks
Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave
Returning, tho' none marked it, on the crowd
Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes
Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away
The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,
To the waste deeps together: and I fixt
My wistful eyes on two fair images,
Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars,—
The Virgin Mother standing with her child
High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—
Till she began to totter, and the child
Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry
Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke.

The husband makes some comment, and then the wife informs him that she has a piece of news to tell him. The rogue who swindled him is dead, as she has learnt from an acquaintance who had left their town after they had gone. The husband exclaims—

Dead? he? of heart disease? what heart had he
To die off? dead!

The wife replies that—

if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart.

But here the child begins to cry and the mother hushes her off with a cradle song which has a very pretty cadence, and has at least as much meaning in it as the language which most mothers address to their infants:—

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

The husband, at the intercession of the wife, consents to say that he forgives his dead enemy, and the couple once more get off to sleep. This is the end of the idyll, which, as it can be bought for a shilling, with much other excellent matter in *Macmillan's Magazine* for this month, is very well worth buying, as well as reading. We confess that it seems to us much inferior both to "Dora" and the "Gardener's Daughter," but we are inclined to think that its inferiority chiefly lies in its subject. There could scarcely be a worse subject for an idyll. It has two great disadvantages. So far as it deals with waking life it is too painful, and so far as it deals with dreams it subordinates narration and the description of domestic life to the wanderings of fancy. Neither the howlings of a clerk at a bad investment nor the vagaries of thought during sleep appear to us appropriate parts of a poem descriptive of domestic life. It is no argument to say that in domestic life a man who is angry with another for robbing him is apt to let his wife have her full share of his complaints, and that people who live together often tell their dreams to each other. It is obvious that it is not every domestic incident that is a fit subject for a domestic poem. No domestic incident is more keenly felt, or lamented with more bitter and profuse repetition, than the sins of servants; but no one will contend that a cook's extravagance or a housemaid's finery are fit subjects for poetry. A fierce, satirical denunciation of a hypocrite also grates on our feelings in a domestic poem about a clerk and his wife in bed. The objection to dreams is equally strong. Either the dreams have to do with the narrative, or they have not. If they have, they are mere artificial reflections of the main thought of the poem—or, if they have not, they are mere excrescences. The management of the poem is also open to the serious objection that it supposes the wife to have known all the time that the rogue was dead, and yet to have preserved in silence a secret so interesting to her husband through many hours during which he was thinking of the very subject on which, if she had spoken, she could have changed the current of his thoughts. In real life, a wife would have told the news within five minutes after she heard it.

But the poem, unpleasant as is its subject, is full of beauties. There are many lines in it which are written in Mr. Tennyson's best and latest style. As compared with his earlier poems, the excellence of his more recent poems has appeared in nothing more than in the force and ease with which he makes a single epithet supply the place of the long, elaborate, and complex descriptions he used to delight in. There are many instances of these happy epithets in *Sea Dreams*. What, for example, can be better than the "thymy promontories," or "long sea-framing caves?" A whole picture is given in two or three words. Taken by itself as a description of the fancies raised in the mind during sleep by the rolling of the tide, the wife's dream is admirable. The way in which the steady heaving of the water and the recurring burst on the coast is described as dominating over the images into which fancy has transmuted the landscape seen in the day, is at once as true to nature as it is impressive from the harmony and flow of the language in which it is presented to us. It will bear reading over and over again, and none but a real poet could have written it. It has the disadvantage to contend with belonging to all descriptions of dreams, that, as all the images are the creation of pure fancy, they are all unexpected; and it is only after repeated perusal that we can put together the picture as it is meant to show itself. But, when we become familiar with it, we perceive the great art with which it is worked out.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "FOX."

SOME of the characteristics of Arctic exploring expeditions are so uniform that the different works in which they are described resemble each other strongly enough to make it very difficult to invest accounts of them with any distinctive features. Of Captain M'Clintock's narrative we can only say that it describes, with that singular mixture of vigorous life and quiet simplicity which seems to belong to the character of an Arctic adventurer, scenes hardly distinguishable from those which have already been depicted with the same sort of force and address in the accounts which are already before the world of the exploits of Sir Robert M'Clure, Dr. Kane, and the other explorers of the Polar regions.

After reading a certain number of these books, a sort of general notion of the dangers of Arctic voyages, and of the demands which they make on the resources of those who undertake them, is acquired which can hardly be very inexact, though it must of course be most inadequate. The scene of the various expeditions which have attracted and deserved so much public attention and sympathy is somewhat narrower than the amount of exertion expended on it would at first sight lead us to suppose. The distance from south to north, or from the mouth of the Great Fish River to Wellington Channel, which is at the north of Lancaster Sound, is ten degrees of latitude, or about as far as from the Straits of Dover to the Shetlands. From Behring's Straits to Davis's Strait is not three times that distance, and the principal obstacles lie in the eastern half of this region, between Davis's Strait and Banks's Land. For to the west of Banks's Land lies the icy sea, into which Behring's Straits open; and it is usually possible for a ship to make her way along the channel of open water which intervenes between the coast of North America and the ice by which this sea is blocked up. Upon the whole, that part of the Polar regions which includes the North-West passage may be described not very incorrectly as being nearly as large as the Mediterranean from the Straits of Gibraltar to the coast of Syria, whilst that part of them which was the principal theatre of the explorations of Sir John Franklin and the various searching expeditions fills a space about as large as that which lies between Gibraltar and Corfu. The seas visited by Captain M'Clintock are even more limited. Of his painful and tedious explorations of more than two years, about a month was consumed in arriving at the northernmost point which was reached during the whole expedition, and something like five weeks in returning home. The remainder was passed in making a voyage which, measured from point to point, was about as long as the passage from Southampton to Edinburgh. This simple statement perhaps sets the difficulties attendant upon Arctic navigation in as strong a light as can well be thrown upon them.

The *Fox*, which had formerly been a pleasure yacht, was purchased by Lady Franklin for the purpose of the expedition, and was fitted for the service for which she was designed by a vast deal of strengthening both within and without. She was a vessel of 177 tons burden; the mess-room for five officers was but eight feet square, and the total number of souls on board was twenty-five. She sailed from Aberdeen on the 30th of June, 1857, and proceeded at once to make the best of her way through Davis's Strait, up Baffin's Bay. By the middle of August, the northern part of this great gulf was reached, and Captain M'Clintock attempted to cross it from east to west, in order to pass up Lancaster Sound, which is the high road to Melville Sound, and so to the open sea which leads to Behring's Straits. The width of Baffin's Bay is about 170 miles, and by taking advantage of the lanes of water and occasional displacements which occurred amongst the masses of ice by which the water was covered, the

Fox was worked through a distance of about 140 miles; but no skill and no exertions could carry her farther. Gradually, but inexorably, the ice closed round; and though by the middle of September the ship was supposed to be within twelve miles of open water, and was on one occasion within half a mile of a lane of water which had the most promising appearance, she was never released from the ice till the following spring. The consequence of this was, that Captain M'Clintock and his crew were reduced to the dangerous necessity of wintering "in the pack." "The pack" is the technical name of the crowded masses of ice by which the surface of the polar bays and gulfs is covered. It presents openings in summer, whilst in winter it is frozen into a compact mass. As it is subject to sudden violent and unexpected changes, produced by the hidden currents and other still more obscure influences to which it is exposed, it is highly dangerous to winter in it, whilst the operation of leaving it when it finally breaks up is one of the greatest possible hazard. From the 31st of August, 1857, to the 26th April, 1858, the *Fox* was in the pack, frozen in, helpless, and to all appearance motionless in an endless field of ice. Her condition in reality was, however, by no means one of rest, for during these eight months she drifted over a distance of no less than 1,200 geographical miles, and found herself at last in the latitude of 63½, nearly 13 degrees South of the point which she had reached in the preceding August. This, like the precisely parallel case of Lieutenant De Haven, proves the existence of the great Polar current, which sets from the North southwards, as the Gulf Stream sets from the South-West to the North-East. It is one of the many wonderful phenomena which occur in the Arctic regions, and its existence furnished Lieutenant Maury with arguments in favour of the existence of an open sea around the Pole, the great problem, or one of the great problems, which still remains to be solved in respect of those regions.

The difficulty and danger of escaping from the pack when its edge is reached is terrible. For miles the sea is covered with huge masses of ice, of enormous size and thickness, which are dashed and ground together with tremendous force and uproar. Through these the vessel escaping has to thread her way till she reaches the open sea. A striking picture from the pencil of Captain May gives a very vivid notion of the character of this scene, and forms an appropriate frontispiece to the book. After leaving the pack and drifting below the Arctic circle, the *Fox* patiently resumed her course to the North, and this time the enterprise of her commander was better rewarded; for after regaining a high latitude, she made her way through Lancaster Sound, and by August, 1858, reached Beechy Island—a sort of headquarters for Arctic explorers. It is not easy without a chart to give a clear notion of the scene of the operations of the next fifteen months, but it lies, as we have already observed, within a much narrower compass than the length of time consumed in its investigation would at first sight lead us to imagine. The difficulty of description arises from the fact that land and water in the Polar Seas intersect each other like blocks of houses and streets. The interval between the North American coast and the North Pole is almost entirely occupied by islands separated from each other by gulfs, sounds, straits, inlets, and channels of the most puzzling kind.

The main passage from east to west consists of Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait. On the south of Lancaster Sound lies Cockburn Island. Opposite Cockburn Island, on the north of Lancaster Sound, is North Devon. After proceeding a short distance up Lancaster Sound, between Cockburn Island and North Devon, Wellington Channel runs to the north, and the Gulf of Boothia to the south. Beyond Wellington Channel to the westward lies Cornwallis Island. Beyond the Gulf of Boothia, also to the westward, lie the Island of North Somerset, and the island or promontory of Boothia, occupying the relative positions of Corsica and Sardinia, and separated from each other by Bellot Strait, which may be compared to the Strait of Ferraio. Passing along Lancaster Sound, we find a second turn to the north, and also a second turn to the south. The turn to the north is Crozier Channel, and that to the south is Peel Sound. Crozier Channel is the western boundary of Cornwallis Island, and Peel Sound is the western boundary of North Somerset and Boothia, and is connected with the Gulf of Boothia by Bellot Strait. Beyond Peel Sound lie the Prince of Wales' Island and King William's Island, which correspond in position to North Somerset and Boothia. The scene of Captain M'Clintock's explorations lay principally on the coast of Boothia and the coast of King William's Island. After sailing to the mouth of Peel Sound, which he could not descend on account of the ice, he returned to the Gulf of Boothia, and reached the western end of Bellot Strait, where, after several ineffectual attempts to pass through, he passed the winter, remaining there from September, 1858, till February, 1859. Early in February, with the assistance of Lieutenant Hobson and Captain Young, he undertook sledge journeys along the coast of Boothia, and all round the coast of King William's Island; and it was on the western shore of this island that the relics of the missing expedition, which have deservedly attracted so much attention, were found by Lieutenant Hobson in April, 1859. The most important of them were a boat and a paper contained in a tin case. The paper had been written on two separate occasions. The first part bore date on the 24th May, 1847, and had apparently been made by two officers of the missing expedition

* *The Voyage of the "Fox" in the Arctic Seas. A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions by Captain M'Clintock, R.N., LL.D.* London: Murray. 1859.

during an overland excursion from the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It stated that the winter of 1845-6 had been passed by Sir J. Franklin at Beechey Island, and that he had afterwards sailed round Cornwallis Island, and been beset for the winter in the ice, apparently in Peel's Sound. At the date of this part of the paper Sir J. Franklin was still alive, but a year later—on the 25th of April—a postscript was added on the margin by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, which stated that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had been abandoned three days before (22nd April, 1848), and that their officers and crews, consisting of one hundred and five souls, had landed near the place where the paper was found, and intended on the next day to start for the Fish River. Up to that time nine officers and fifteen men had died, Sir John Franklin, who died on 11th June, 1847, being amongst the number. Some fifty or sixty miles south-east of the cairn where this paper was discovered, and in the direction of the Fish River, was found a boat on a sledge. Two skeletons were in the boat, and a large quantity of clothing, plate, and miscellaneous articles. The head of the boat was pointed towards the place where the ships were abandoned, which was about sixty miles distant. It would appear, therefore, as if the party had attempted to return, probably in search of provisions. The two skeletons would be those of men left in charge of the boat, and probably unable to keep up with their companions. No less than seventy miles further, in the direction of the Fish River, a third skeleton was discovered, and these are the only traces of the missing expedition hitherto discovered. The only additional evidence which has come to light, is the fact stated by the Esquimaux that the men "fell down and died as they walked along."

After the discovery of the relics, Captain M'Clintock's parties returned to their ship. They were able to set sail on the 10th August, 1859, and arrived at Portsmouth in safety on the 20th September, after an absence of upwards of two years and two months. It would be almost impertinent to repeat, in reference to Captain M'Clintock and his associates, the praises which we have so frequently applied to the heroes of similar exploits. There is a sort of hardihood and courage which is best praised by the barest description; and when we have said that the crew of the *Fox* passed more than two years in encountering all the difficulties and dangers of an Arctic exploration in the spirit of former explorers, we have said all that is to be said upon the subject.

The most interesting inquiry which is suggested by Captain M'Clintock's book refers to the search for the missing expedition. There can be no further question as to its fate, but it seems strange that it should have remained unknown so long, and that so many and such costly expeditions should have failed to discover what has been brought to light by such small means. The fact that Franklin's expedition had met with a great disaster, and the very locality in which that disaster had taken place, was known through Dr. Rae's inquiries years ago; and as far back as 1850 the *Prince Albert* was directed to search in the very place from which the *Fox* has just returned with so much success. In so difficult a service no doubt much labour would be wasted, and many fruitless expeditions would be made; and it would be highly presumptuous for any one who had not made a very special study of the whole subject to affect to give an opinion as to the principles upon which they proceeded. Any one who had the requisite time and knowledge might make a curious and very interesting book by bringing together into one view the different bearings of the subject.

THE LATE BISHOP WILSON.*

A PLACE in history is the reward of great men—a biography is the fitting commemoration of those who are remembered more for the love and respect they earned from their friends than for the mark they have left on the destinies of their fellow-men. Tried by this test, Bishop Wilson has a right to a biographer. In England, he was only notable as one of an influential clique of religious innovators—in India, his episcopate was more remarkable for its duration than for its missionary success. It is not for his public reputation in either capacity, but for the qualities he developed in personal intercourse, that his memory will be venerated and his biography widely read. He was one of those bold, earnest, hearty partisans, with no logical fastidiousness to cripple their enthusiasm, and no common sense to stunt their feelings, who, as long as mankind are thoroughly illogical at bottom, will be sure to command a following. If he had been abler, he would have been less admired. He never would have been the idol of a religious party if he had been sensitive to all the fallacies, the confusions, the exaggerations which a thorough-going partisan must swallow by the pailful. He had exactly that sort of intellect which alone can, without dishonesty, lead the average intellect of mankind. He could believe in a plump, round formula without discrimination or reservation. He could condense his creed into a shibboleth which enabled him to make a clear, clean division between the friends of Christianity and its foes, and assign each man, without hesitation, to one camp or the other. This coarse-grained sort of belief is safe from being disturbed by doubts or progressive discoveries, and therefore is attractive to others as a sort of anchorage in an age of controversy. Men like a theologian who hates and loves in the lump—who condemns or

applauds without a moment's diffidence, and without reserve or qualification—who measures every assertion by some patent meter of truth, which requires neither acumen nor labour to apply. Daniel Wilson had deep, impetuous feelings, and, partly in consequence of them, an intellect too blunt to be harassed by philosophical distinctions; and therefore he was popular with the mass of uneducated women and busy men, to whom the excitement of the emotions is pleasant and the labour of the intellect irksome. To those whose early religion was kindled by his fervour and still retains the stamp his mind impressed upon it, his son-in-law's affectionate and exhaustive volumes will have a fascination which the public generally cannot, of course, be expected to appreciate.

He had two careers—one in England, and one in India; and his later and more distinguished career is not that by which he is best known. An Indian bishopric is a very hopeless position for a man who is ambitious of palpable success. For some reason or other, missions in India do not prosper. Conversion by societies, which is the modern form of evangelization, seems to be unworkable on an Asiatic field. In other directions the Societies have proved themselves capable of very considerable performances. They have been able to convert the majority of a Maori or Polynesian nation within the lapse of a couple of generations; but their blows have fallen almost harmless on the compact organization of Hindoo or Mahometan superstition. Perhaps it is our nationality, and not our mechanism, that is in fault. When we remember the sudden rapidity with which former religions have spread among these Eastern populations, it may very well be that it requires preachers with more fire than the fifty-first parallel of latitude can furnish, to carry with them a race whose passions are in a state of chronic exaltation. Whatever be the cause, it is certain that the progress of missions in India is mournfully slow. It has been calculated, we know not with what amount of accuracy, that if the conversion of India progresses at the rate it has hitherto observed, the peninsula will not be evangelized for something more than a thousand years. Of course this was not a promising field for a missionary bishop, however energetic he might be. Wilson deserves the praise of untiring zeal and devotion to his work, though, at the time of his appointment, his age (fifty-four) was rather advanced for the vast diocese and exhausting climate in which he was to labour. But in one respect it may be questioned whether his measures did not tend to hinder instead of accelerating the tardy process of conversion. The section to which he belonged has always been remarkable for enforcing English or European customs, as if they were part and parcel of Christianity. Both in India and in Polynesia they have enforced views with respect to clothing much more agreeable to European ideas of decency than to the exigencies of a tropical sun. It is notoriously a moot point with certain divines whether the New Testament condemns polygamy or not. They have not only settled the point authoritatively, but have carried their objection to it so far as to insist on the repudiation of wives already married, to whom the loss of their husbands was equivalent to starvation. In the same spirit Bishop Wilson dealt with the thorny question of caste. Whatever its origin may have been, it does not appear that its actual practice is necessarily associated with the tenets of a false religion; and the refusal to tolerate it was declaring war against all the social institutions of the country. It was in effect announcing that he declined to evangelize India, unless he might first take to pieces the framework in which the social life of a hundred and fifty millions of people had been riveted for ages. It was not in this spirit that the first preachers of the Gospel penetrated the far looser organization of Roman and Greek society, or that the Christianity of the middle ages successfully confronted feudalism.

It is not, however, as an Indian Metropolitan that Daniel Wilson will be principally remembered in what is called "the religious world" in England. He has left a far more enduring remembrance of himself as one of the agents of that great religious movement among the upper and middle classes which was known as "the Clapham Sect." There are plenty who will long cherish his memory as the disciple of Romaine, the successor of Cecil, and the founder of the school of the prophets which still subsists in Islington. He joined this sect when first, as a boy of eighteen, he began to think of religious matters; and he adhered to it with rare persistency, in spite of the rapid change of all around him, until his death at eighty. The Evangelicalism of the days of his youth was something nobler and better than the incubus of narrow-mindedness and spiritual tyranny which now broods over English society. The child of Methodism, it displayed in its infancy much both of the fervour and absurdity which drew down upon its parent the satire of Sydney Smith. Since that day it has prospered in the world; it has become powerful in boudoirs and in Cabinets, and has reached high positions in Church and State; and it has rubbed off a good deal both of its ancient simplicity and its ancient zeal. There is a compound of both qualities in the following extract from one of Wilson's letters, while he was at college, to which it would be hard to find a counterpart in the existing undergraduate:—

I am very miserable, because my conscience is full of guilt. I have done two things wrong to-day, which are not easily retrieved, and both have arisen from hardness of heart and a sinful fear of man. In the first, I failed of speaking faithfully to a fellow collegian who is, I fear, deceiving himself; in the second, I have not introduced spiritual discourse in a party where I sat for above an hour at tea. You don't know how heavy these sins lie upon

* *Life of Bishop Daniel Wilson.* By the Rev. Josiah Bateman. 2 Vols. London: Murray. 1860.

my mind; so that I feel now as unhappy and distressed as possible. May the Lord forgive the iniquity of my sin!

As he seems in after life to have got on well with all classes of men, it is to be presumed that he gave up the practice of speaking faithfully. But as long as he was at the University, the temper of mind which engenders this devout intrusiveness remained. When he became Vice-Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, he used, like many other Oxford dignitaries, to imagine that he should gain influence for good over the undergraduates by asking them occasionally to a stiff evening party. It is needless to say that, as the biographer delicately expresses it, the parties were thought to be wanting in ease. The reason assigned for this not uncommon defect of Oxford Dons' parties gives us a glimpse of what the wretched undergraduates must have endured. "The desire to do good was too obvious to be pleasant; and the family prayers which closed the evening were oftentimes personal and monitory." Being singled out by name for the charitable intercessions of the whole drawing-room was an infliction to which "worldlings" who were weak enough to visit at a T. P. house of the old school were not unfrequently exposed. As we hear of no quarrels with the officials at Calcutta, we may gather that Bishop Wilson found it expedient to abandon both "faithful speaking" and "monitory family prayers." Other prejudices of his sect he retained with more tenacity, to the great disgust of the gay *employés* of the Indian capital. He was always ferocious in his denunciation of balls, cards, plays, and races. On one occasion some naval officers, in the innocence of their hearts, asked him to patronize a play which was being got up for the benefit of the sufferers from an Indian famine. He dismissed them with a fierce snub; and in his journal expresses the deepest indignation at their "ignorance even of decorum." But Nemesis was near at hand, in the shape of an old woman more foolish and narrow-minded than himself. He was stanch against cards, but he had given way in the article of dinners. For this a Mrs. Wilson fiercely chid him, pointing out the superior spirituality of teas; and to make matters worse, she was an active old lady, and a great promoter of female education:—

This poor Mrs. Wilson! She has written me a strange letter, full of accusations of my worldliness (so easy an accusation!), and wanting me to have tea-parties, instead of giving dinners. Conceive of the Judges of Calcutta and members of Council being invited to a prayer-meeting and tea! Oh! my children! Keep steady; keep steady, sound-minded, and humble; for all this is pride at the bottom; pride—self—mere wilfulness, and the world in another form.

Nee lex justior ulla, &c. It never seems to have occurred to Bishop Wilson that the accusations of worldliness which he was so ready to hurl at the Calcutta play-goers were just as "easy" as the one which disgusted him so much when levelled at himself. The intellect must have been in a strange condition which could believe that an objection to whist was an evidence of sanctity, while an objection to dinners was an evidence of selfishness and pride.

It is impossible to rise from the perusal of these pages without feeling strongly the evil of the religious biographies which English matrons are so fond of buying, and English publishers so fond of producing. Bishop Wilson merited a biography, for he had merited to be widely and deeply respected; but there was no need that it should be a religious biography. Some religious men, especially if they are Evangelicals, are fond of putting down their religious thoughts as they occur to them, in a quaint sort of jargon which is constructed by piecing together all kinds of phrases picked out of various parts of the Bible. Of course it would be absurd to attach any value to thoughts thus jotted down in haste, and meant for no other eye except perhaps that of an intimate friend. They are sure to be raw, hasty, and exaggerated. No man would like either his judgment or his opinions to be measured by them; and yet Mr. Bateman, and biographers of his stamp, seem to think that they cannot better do honour to their subject than by publishing these crudities, as if they presented a fair picture of the thoughts of the man who wrote them down. Many people will remember the shout of laughter with which the elder Froude's penitence for having thought of roast goose during Divine service was received by the public some twenty years ago. There is nothing in these pages so outrageously ridiculous as some of the passages in Froude's Remains. They are chiefly full of the ejaculations and commonplaces which are always at the tip of a man's pen when he has been constantly sermon-writing for a considerable number of years. But every now and then the reader will meet with passages which show the extreme haste with which Bishop Wilson's letters and diaries were written, and the great impropriety of violating the privacy for which they were destined. The following entry, as it stands, may be cited by some future historian to illustrate the martial spirit of Indian bishops:—

Dr. Richardson, of Moulemein, dined with me on Saturday. All is going on well. The church is crowded in the morning; a Burmese war is inevitable; a third regiment is ordered from Madras; trade flourishing; American missions active.

Some of the most cruel reproductions are those of letters written by him on board ship. The following meditation on seasickness is, we fear, more likely to conduce to amusement than to edification:—

Even now, after fifteen weeks, I can scarcely manage to hold my pen steadily enough to write a letter to a friend. However, by these things we live," as Mr. Cecil so often said. Whatever most thoroughly empties and abuses man, and tears him off from external things, and drives him in and on his principles, is best for him.

One of these letters gives a curious specimen of the phraseology in which long habit can induce men to embody their thoughts. He has been reviewing the providential direction which had been given to his life:—

If a single link had been wanting in the chain the whole would have fallen in pieces. Yes, my beloved friend, I look back, like Jacob, to the time when, with my staff, I passed Jordan; and now I am become two bands.

No doubt the clergyman to whom this reflection was addressed understood what the Bishop meant by asserting that he had "become two bands." But before he gave this and similar passages to the world, Mr. Bateman was bound to consider whether the public were likely to understand it also. No doubt it is a very considerable portion of these pages that will be understood and appreciated only by a clique, and the excision of such passages might have reduced the work from two volumes to one. But it would have produced a biography more worthy of the memory and more conducive to the fame of one who, whatever the narrowness of his mind, deserves to be remembered as a thoroughly good and earnest-hearted man.

TWO PARISH HISTORIES.*

THERE can scarcely be a greater contrast than that between the two books the titles of which we have placed at the head of this article. The former comes before us in all the dignity of the largest quarto, with fine type, broad margins, and great wealth of illustrations—the latter, in the more modest guise of a shabby and stunted octavo. The one has been the long life's labour of a dignified and learned ecclesiastic—the other the inartistic compilation of the few earthly days of a young man of humble station and shattered health. Each is good in its way, though the subject-matter and the manner of treatment are so widely different. We have always given a hearty welcome to these parochial monographs, believing that no influence is more humanizing and enlightening than some acquaintance with the past history and condition of the place where it is one's lot to dwell. Almost every Englishman is by nature somewhat of an antiquary, and no taste can be more deserving than this of encouragement and extension. Mr. Napier's volume is too imposing and too discursive to be of much general value. It will take its place on the topographical shelves of the libraries of country gentlemen, and become an authority in its own field of historical research. Mr. Davis's little book, on the other hand, though in no respect commensurate with the claims of its subject, deserves to be highly popular, and can scarcely fail to be very useful among the intelligent inhabitants of Knightsbridge, Belgrave, and Pimlico.

Swyncombe and Ewelme are by no means unfavourable subjects for a parochial history, since they reckon among their manorial lords a very unusual number of celebrated personages; and the latter parish is famous for a curious hospital, which, unlike most of its contemporary foundations, survives in honour and usefulness to the present day. Beginning with Swyncombe, Mr. Napier finds its manor granted in 1087 by Milo Crispin, the Norman, to Lanfranc's Abbey of Bec. He has discovered, also, a valuation of the parish, dated 1293, the 22nd of Edward I., and a priced inventory of the farming stock belonging to the abbey in 1324, the 18th of Edward II. At that time it seems that a cart horse was worth 4s., a bullock, 3s. 6d., a bull, 4s., a cow, 3s. 2d., a calf, 6d., and a young lamb, 2d. After the seizure of the Alien Priorities by the Crown in 1414, the manor passed through various hands to William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, who, in conjunction with his wife, Alice, widow of the Earl of Salisbury, in right of whom he held this manor, founded the almshouse at Ewelme in 1437, for two chaplains and thirteen poor men. The church at Ewelme was rebuilt, in conjunction with the hospital at its west end; and Mr. Clarke, the architect, whose pencil has liberally illustrated the volume before us, supposes that it was designed by the same person who had built the church at Wingfield, in Suffolk, where De la Pole's hereditary possessions were situated. The troubled life of this great noble, ending with his decapitation in a boat off Dover in 1450, is detailed at great length by Mr. Napier, and illustrated by many original documents. The Duke of Suffolk was buried at Wingfield, where his high tomb and recumbent effigy still remain. His widow, dying in 1475, lies in effigy on a still more gorgeous tomb in Ewelme church. Their son, John, Duke of Suffolk, enlarged the manor house of Ewelme, and lived there. His history, the rebellion and death of his eldest son, the Earl of Lincoln, and the consequent fall of the Suffolk family, are pursued in the following chapters. Coming to the next generation, we find two of the sons in holy orders, one of them "a scholar in Gonville Hall, in Cambridge," and the other Archdeacon of Richmond. The eldest son was under education in Oxford, in 1481, being then only in his ninth year. Mr. Napier cites other instances of boys being, in those times, matriculated at the age of eight or ten. Two most curious documents are preserved, and here printed, in which the University of Oxford addresses the King (Edward IV.) in strains of "so fulsome, if not profane, a cha-

* *Historical Notices of the Parishes of Swyncombe and Ewelme, in the County of Oxford.* By the Hon. and Rev. Henry Alfred Napier, M.A., Rector of Swyncombe. Printed for the Author. 1859.

Memorials of the Hamlet of Knightsbridge, with Notices of its immediate Neighbourhood. By the late Henry George Davis. London: J. R. Smith. 1859.

racter" in praise of the scholastic attainments of his nephew, this Edmund de la Pole, that it is amusing enough to find the editor of *Ellis's Original Letters* thus writing about him:—"From these letters it will readily be perceived that the Earl of Suffolk was not only an uneducated man, but, however variable the orthography of his age might be, he had no notion whatever how the most ordinary words of his native language should be spelled." This worthy afterwards was convicted of murder, "for slaying a mean person in his rage and fury," as *Hall's Chronicle* expresses it, was excommunicated by the Pope, outlawed and attainted, and at last beheaded by Henry VIII. without trial; and his brother, Lord Richard, after figuring as a Pretender to the English Crown under the title of the "White Rose," and taking part in a Scotch invasion, was killed fighting bravely for Francis I. in the battle of Pavia, in 1525.

After this Mr. Napier traces the manorial history of Swyncombe and Ewelme through all its late vicissitudes. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and Mary, Queen of the French, his consort, were the next holders; and they built or repaired a mansion at Swyncombe. But after them there is nothing especially remarkable in the catalogue. The parish church of Swyncombe is a curious little Romanesque structure, one of the few in England with an original round-ended apse for its chancel. It seems to have been restored with judgment and good taste, some of the old mural paintings being preserved and renewed. The epitaphs and extracts from the register are of singularly little interest, with the exception of an entry in 1686, under the hands of the clergyman and churchwardens, that "Anne London, supposed to be disaffected with the evil, had a certificate to repair to his sacred Ma^y to be touched;" and another in 1699, to the effect that there was collected the sum of 2s. 8d. for "the releife of the captives of Algiers and in Sally." Ewelme church, as we have said, is a late Pointed building, certainly recalling a Suffolk type in its well-developed and continuous clerestory. The hospital attached to its west end is a very picturesque quadrangle, mainly of timber, with a covered cloister, immense roofs, and well moulded dormer windows enriched with open carved bargeboards. It is at a lower level than the church, with which it communicates by a flight of steps. At Cobham, in Kent, there remains a very similar college—a fact unnoticed by the present historian.

Mr. Napier deserves the credit of being, in the old sense of the word, a most "painful" antiquary. His appendices, quite equal in bulk to his text, contain a mine of facts and documents and pedigrees of which we can give no adequate idea. The chief fault to be found with this interesting volume is that it is awkwardly arranged, and, what is far worse, that it is badly indexed. A copious index is the only thing that can make such a compilation as this of any practical value for ordinary inquirers.

Turning to Mr. Davis's little book, we find but little to commend in its style or plan. The writer was possessed of no great literary power, and his papers are not well edited. But the subject, however treated, cannot fail to be interesting. All the suburbs of London seem now to have had their historian, except Knightsbridge and Pimlico; but we can hardly say that the present attempt satisfactorily supplies the want. The notices of the hamlet of Knightsbridge in ancient times are but scanty; and no clear light is thrown on the origin of its name. In Domesday it formed part of three manors—Neyte, Hyde (whence the name of Hyde Park), and Eybury, now spelt Ebury, which came by marriage to the Grosvenor family, and has been lately chosen as a title by one of its members. The "bridge," which gave the hamlet its name, spanned the Westbourne at what is now Albert-gate, and some part of it is said still to remain under the road. The stream itself, rising at West-End in Hampstead, and giving its name to a district of Bayswater, flowed through the (artificially widened) Serpentine to the Thames. Its course may yet be traced on any map of London by the irregularities it has caused in laying out Belgravia. Part of it was an open brook so lately as 1854, but it is now wholly covered in, and is, we need not say, a common sewer, like the Oldbourne or the Fleet. Mr. Davis does not mention this; but Pont-street, which opens Belgravia to Sloane-street, must derive its name, we have always surmised, from the fact that it was at one time one of the few bridges over the Westbourne. This brook used formerly to overflow after heavy rains. One such flood is remembered in 1809, when for several days passengers had to be rowed from Chelsea to Westminster by the Thames boatmen.

The great western road into London, crossing this stream at Knightsbridge, was often nearly impassable from its depth of mud. Wyatt's men, in his rebellion of 1554, having crossed the Thames at Kingston, entered London by this approach, and were called "draggletails," from the wretched plight they were in. The badness of the road delayed their march so much that it materially helped their discomfiture. It was no better in 1736, when Lord Hervey, writing from Kensington, complained that "the road between this place and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the Ocean; and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud." Added to this was the danger from highwaymen and footpads. "Even so late as 1799," writes Mr. Davis, "it was necessary to order a party of light horse to patrol every night

from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington; and it is within the memory of many when pedestrians walked to and from Kensington in bands sufficient to ensure mutual protection, starting at known intervals, of which a bell gave due warning." But since 1830 all has changed. However, it is not ten years since the hawthorn hedges finally disappeared at the Gore, and the black-bird and starling were heard. Snipe and woodcocks are said to have been shot at Knightsbridge within the memory of man.

In historical reminiscences Knightsbridge cannot be said to be rich. Mr. Davis has little else to relate than the usual collisions at this place, at county elections, between the mobs that left Brentford and London respectively after the close of the poll. Occasionally these became very serious riots. Of relics of antiquity the hamlet possesses absolutely nothing. The wretched little building called Trinity Chapel, near the French Embassy, stands on the site of a lazaret-house, or hospital, the foundation of which is hidden in obscurity. And, what is more remarkable, it is not exactly known when the hospital ceased to exist. The last allusion to it that Mr. Davis was able to find is in 1720. The chapel itself, built in 1699, and refaced in 1789, is about to be replaced, it is said, by a more ecclesiastical structure. This was one of the places where irregular marriages were solemnized, and it is accordingly often noticed by the old dramatists. Thus, in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*, Lovell is made to say, "Let's rally no longer: there is a person at Knightsbridge that yokes all stray people together; we'll to him, he'll despatch us presently, and send us away as lovingly as any two fools that ever yet were condemned to marriage." Some of the entries in this marriage register are suspicious enough—"secrecy for life," or "great secrecy," or "secret for fourteen years" being appended to the names. Mr. Davis has been the first to exhumate from this document the name of the adventuress, "Mrs. Mary Aylif," whom Sir Samuel Morland married as his fourth wife, in 1687. Readers of Pepys will remember how pathetically Morland wrote, eighteen days after the wedding, that when he had expected to marry an heiress, "I was, about a fortnight since, led as a fool to the stocks, and married a coachman's daughter not worth a shilling." In 1699, an entry mentions one "Storey at y^e Park-gate." This worthy it was who gave his name to what is now known as Storey's Gate. He was keeper of the Aviary to Charles II., whence was derived the name of the Birdage-walk. In the same year "Cornelius Van der Velde, Limner," was married here to Bernada Vander Hagen. This was a brother of the famous William Van der Velde the elder, and himself a painter of nautical pictures, in the employment of Charles II.

Mr. Davis proceeds to describe, in a pleasant, gossiping manner, the various streets and squares of the district, assigning to each, as far as possible, its date and the name of its builder, and discoursing more or less fully of the more celebrated personages, in every rank and department of life, who have made Knightsbridge their home. All this, though not of course exhaustively done, is by no means unsatisfactory, and the spirit of the author throughout is good, though his style is wanting in the gracefulness and charm which Leigh Hunt threw around his notices of the adjoining Court Suburb. We will extract a few curious facts from Mr. Davis's collections. Under the description of Hyde-park Corner, he gives us a view of the fort thrown up there by the Londoners against the Royal Army in the Civil War, when, as Butler says in his *Hudibras*, the women—

From ladies down to oyster-wenchens,
Labour'd like pioneers in trenches.

Mr. Davis mentions that of two oaks planted from acorns of the Boscobel tree in Hyde Park by Charles II. himself, one still remains, the other having been removed in 1854. This is, we believe, a tradition not generally known. The tree is said to stand at the north side of the Serpentine, just where the road turns off by the powder magazine to Bayswater. Knightsbridge Green is identified by our author as the burial-pit of the victims of the plague in the lazaret-house and the hamlet generally. Lowndes-square, he tells us, occupies the site of a famous place of amusement—Spring-gardens, so called after the still more celebrated Spring-gardens at Charing-cross. The "World's End," at Knightsbridge, mentioned by Pepys and Congreve, is supposed to have been a synonym of this fashionable house of entertainment. The building itself survived till 1826. The derivation of the word Pimlico has always been a moot point. Mr. Davis tells us that it comes from the surname of one "old Ben Pimlico," who kept a famous hostelry at Hogsdon—i. e., Hoxton—in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Pimlico-walk still exists at Hoxton. In James the First's time, most of the famous places of amusement migrated westward from Islington and Hoxton, and among them, it is supposed, Ben Pimlico's—his name attaching itself to the hamlet that began to grow around his gardens among the marshes of Eybury. It is to be regretted that the old name was superseded. There was another famous place of entertainment in the same neighbourhood, called Jenny's Whim. Its site is now occupied by St. George's-row, near the Chelsea Water-works; and the house, distinguishable by its red-brick and lattice-work, is still partly standing. The more famous Ranelagh Garden was in Chelsea, and does not fall within our present author's limits.

The existence of Belgravia only dates from 1825. Before that the district was a marshy tract, bounded by mud-banks, and partly occupied by market-gardens. Grosvenor Bridge, where the King's

road crosses the Westbourne, was not built till the time of Charles II.; and it was long called Bloody Bridge, from the number of murderous robberies there committed. It is curious that the whole of this district was built over, not gradually, but in two distinct movements—one from 1770 to 1780, and the other, after a pause of nearly fifty years, beginning in 1825, and still in operation. We are not aware that Mr. Davis has omitted to notice any subject of importance connected with Knightsbridge. Tattersall's and the Lock Hospital, before its removal, are duly commemorated. Our author fails to authenticate satisfactorily the tradition which attributes the name of Cromwell House, perpetuated in the new Cromwell-road by the South Kensington Museum, to some connexion with the Protector. We can warmly commend this unpretending volume to the patronage of the inhabitants of Knightsbridge and its neighbourhood.

LECTURES ON THE RIFLE.*

THESE Lectures are intended for the guidance and encouragement of volunteer riflemen. The author of them is Colonel Wilford, who is chief instructor of the Government School of Musketry at Hythe, and has been for five years connected with that establishment. He insists very strongly that all men of ordinary bodily and mental faculties can be taught to shoot well. He points out that the intellect, as well as the hand and eye, of the soldier needs education; and it is an obvious inference that the most intelligent and educated classes of the community may be expected to attain to the highest proficiency as marksmen. The friends of the volunteer movement will be encouraged by this opinion, and it is also very satisfactory to all those who desire to improve the condition and prospects and to reward the faithful and gallant services of the regular army. If it be made clear that the soldier's profession calls for the exercise of high intellectual qualities, a better class of men will be attracted into the ranks, and they must necessarily have officers of capacity not inferior to their own; and thus the whole army will gain in social consideration, and a standard of principles and conduct will come to prevail in it which will render discipline spontaneous, while cruel and degrading punishments will be no longer needed. It is Colonel Wilford's leading text throughout his Lectures that the soldier is not, as many eminent commanders have considered him, a mere machine, but that he has a mind capable of understanding the theory upon which the routine of drill is founded, and that to the mind in the first place must the instructor in musketry address his teaching.

We are not quite sure that Colonel Wilford does not understate the difference of natural capacity in different men for attaining proficiency in rifle-shooting. He says that all men can be taught to shoot, just as they can to ride. The comparison is perhaps as suitable as any other that he could have taken, nor could we find a better example of the limits within which this proposition of universal aptitude must be confined. We will, however, suggest one or two more. If a man of fair abilities and industry devotes himself at school and college, for some ten or twelve years, to the making of Latin verses, he will arrive at last at a very considerable degree of skill; and yet if we compare his most finished efforts with those of another man who unites some degree of poetic taste to the solid qualities of his rival, we shall see at once that there is a point of perfection in verse-making which cannot be attained merely by the force of will and the diligent use of excellent opportunities. So, again, we believe that any man who will bestow his time, and money, and patience in sufficient plenty can learn to paint pictures; but nature must also do her peculiar part in producing a real artist. Or take our author's own instance of riding. Do we not all of us know those whom no amount of teaching would ever make to ride thoroughly well? Or take shooting itself, as tested practically in pursuit of game. A man who understands the whole theory of projectiles may find after several successive seasons' trial, that he cannot entirely overcome that nervousness which prevents him from doing exactly at the right time and place what he distinctly perceives he ought to do. We doubt whether the material for making first-rate riflemen exists in such rich abundance as is assumed by Colonel Wilford. We do not think that all men have been made by nature so closely after the same pattern. As Homer teaches, the glorious gifts of the gods are given by the gods themselves, and man cannot get them by his own will. But if all the volunteers must not hope to attain to the highest point of excellence, it is at any rate certain that an inferior degree of skill, joined to resolution to make use of it, would be found highly dangerous to an invader. To drop a ball from an Enfield rifle on to a reconnoitring staff-officer at 900 yards, could be done probably by only a few men out of a battalion. But if a hostile battalion should endeavour to advance from 900 yards distance to 300, every rifleman opposed to them ought to do a considerable part towards their destruction. There would be no need of nicely timing the discharge, or of minute accuracy of elevation. A ball which will fly for 100 or 200 yards within five feet of the ground must necessarily do some harm if it commences that part of its course somewhere near the front of a body of advancing troops. We say, therefore, by all means let Colonel Wilford teach, and the volunteers learn, assiduously; and if they do not

all of them attain to all the proficiency which he anticipates, they will at least, under his direction, succeed in developing the formidable properties of their weapons far enough to become very awkward customers to an enemy.

Perhaps the warmth of Colonel Wilford's admiration for the noble art of musketry sometimes leads him to the borders of extravagance. He is rather too much addicted to triumphing over cavalry and artillery, whom he represents as likely to be swept from off the earth by the newly-acquired power of the infantry. It is pleasant to him to calculate the number of balls that can be put into the men and horses of a field-piece by two or three riflemen skirmishing for the same number of minutes at 300 yards' distance. Formerly, the field-artillery would draw up just out of the utmost range of Brown Bess, and make very pretty practice upon the infantry; but now all that is changed. We do not blame Colonel Wilford's partiality for that arm of the service to which he belongs. Still he ought not to have forgotten that artillery as well as infantry has enormously increased the range of the projectiles in which it deals. Indeed, he does not altogether forget these things; for he tells us that even the cavalry are beginning to be supplied with rifled carbines. Still it is a pleasant interlude, amid dry details and tabular returns of musket practice, to picture to his hearers a field-battery "shut up" by a few Enfield rifles.

It is a fresh example of the old adage that "there is nothing like leather," when we find Colonel Wilford anticipating that the improved shooting-power of the rifle will to a great extent supersede its use as a pike-staff on which to fix a bayonet. We may remind him, however, that there is high authority the other way. The Emperor of the French told his soldiers that the bayonet, "the terrible weapon of the French infantry," would still decide battles as of old. As a matter of fact, room was found in the Italian campaign for a great deal of hand-to-hand fighting, not only with the bayonet but with the butt-end of the musket, which unscientific use of an improved modern weapon must, we fear, be looked upon by Colonel Wilford as an act of unmitigated barbarism. There is, however, some truth in our author's observation, that the capabilities of long-range musketry were not fully tested on the Italian plains. The majority of the troops on either side carried weapons of the old fashion, and it may besides be thought that those soldiers who bore rifles had not attained to full perfection in the use of them. Still the question occurs—How are battles to be decided? Troops may remain for a long summer-day in cover and a thousand yards apart, and if they do not lose much they will certainly gain nothing. A modern battle will come to resemble a fight between two midshipmen nailed by the seat of the trousers to a sea-chest, so that neither could be struck by his adversary's fist until he bent forward to receive the blow. Sooner or later there must be a mutual consent to close, and then, for a time, the musketry instructor's occupation will be gone. But if all men can be taught to shoot, surely the simple but effective movements which display the tremendous power of the bayonet are equally within the capacity of the general body of volunteers. Even here, however, we must offer a caution against supposing that every recruit can attain to the highest perfection with the bayonet. It will hardly be pretended, even by Colonel Wilford, that all men can be taught to use the small sword with equal skill. This is not a matter merely of industry or of intelligence, but is a natural gift; and so we believe of all other weapons. But all soldiers may be trained so as to feel a great degree of confidence and readiness with the bayonet; and there is no exercise better suited to give health and vigour of body and a soldierly appearance to the troops who practise it. In former times, as our author most truly states, the two things which the British soldier was never taught were—to shoot with his musket and to thrust and parry with his bayonet. Gradually, however, the prejudices of commanding officers and their dislike to trouble were overcome, and a simple system of bayonet-exercise was generally introduced, and carried in some regiments to a point of high proficiency. The Guards who fought at Inkermann can tell what is the value at close quarters of that thorough training which can alone give force and quickness with the bayonet. Recently it has been discovered that the French have paid great attention to this as to other parts of military education, and the sword-bayonet of the Chasseur is now the favourite topic of some alarmists. It is said, and probably with truth, that this sword-bayonet inflicts most severe wounds. But a very little cold steel is enough to kill a man, and the old-fashioned weapon will easily make a hole large enough to let out life. As Mercutio says, "'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door; but 'tis enough—'twill serve." The bayonet, rightly handled, will enter far enough, and indeed many a young soldier has lost his life from driving it into an enemy with so much violence that he could not readily withdraw it. But a man who, from proper exercise, has gained full command over his weapon, will be able nicely to regulate the force with which he thrusts. The French, perhaps, have refined too much upon this part of the soldier's training; for the bayonet cannot usefully be made to perform any other than very simple movements. It is idle to expend upon it all the elaborate devices of the fencing-school. Novelty, however, is with some persons the only test of excellence. We are told that the French soldier is taught to use his sword-bayonet, not to thrust, but to cut—or rather to mow—down his enemies; and the British nation has been warned to prepare in time to meet this last terrible invention of its warlike neighbours. But let any volunteer who

* *Three Lectures upon the Rifle.* By Colonel E. C. Wilford, Assistant-Commandant and Chief Instructor, School of Musketry, Hythe. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1859.

possesses a rifle and a sword-bayonet only try to make such an attack as he is told to expect from a French Chasseur. Let him raise his weapon with both hands over his right shoulder, and try to strike with the edge of the sword at the head or shoulder of an opponent. He will see at once what a dangerous and unnecessary exposure he is making of the most vital parts of a person dear to self, to friends, and country. Then let him try an ordinary thrust at an opponent's breast, and see, in comparison, how safe and snug he feels. It is strange that the earliest lesson of the Roman legionary, always to thrust with his sword in preference to striking, should, as the last result of modern improvements in military science, be set aside. There is, or was, in the Tower of London a specimen of a medieval weapon—a straight pole with a curved blade fixed on it—which appears to have been intended to be handled exactly like the rifle and sword-bayonet of the French Chasseurs. How true it is that there is nothing new under the sun! Progress in knowledge and civilization reproduces the contrivances of an age which we call barbarous. The great points to be attended to in the military rifle are said to be that it should have length of range and be capable of being discharged quickly. The old English long-bow had a range of 600 yards, and it could shoot 12 times in a minute; and this is about the measure of the power of a good breech-loading rifle. But we must admit that Colonel Wilford's work proves that real improvement is going forward, both in the art of war and in the moral and intellectual condition of the soldier. His own constant endeavours to instruct the minds as well as the limbs of those under his charge deserve high praise; for this, we believe, is not only a good but a new suggestion in the British army. The soldier will feel that he has faculties which he can exert, and that he is no longer regarded by his officers as a mere pipe-played block. Intelligence and industry are sure to win honour and reward. The skilful marksman knows that he is better able to serve his country, and that his improved service will entitle him to that country's gratitude.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN.*

WE can imagine M. Robert-Houdin's autobiography inspiring an ordinary English conjuror with something of that mixture of envy and astonishment which the little French captain at Calais produced in the mind of the Rev. Mr. Yorick. It must be obvious to him that no length of apprenticeship to good breeding would ever have enabled him to do as much. He might just as well try to make the half-crown really pass into the breeches-pocket of the old gentleman in the reserved seats, or hope to fire the canary bird out of the pistol without killing it, as attempt to imitate the graceful *aplomb* and perfect self-possession and self-satisfaction with which these pages are written. It is not exactly that his modesty would be too great, for, were it a case of hand-bill or poster, he would not hesitate at any amount of self-glorification. That, however, would be all in the way of business, and would be neither believed in by himself nor seriously meant to be believed in by the public. The Frenchman, on the other hand, would never think of calling himself a Sardinian Sorcerer or a Wizard of the North-West. He simply styles himself an artist. But then he firmly believes himself to be one; and this makes the whole difference. For this reason we think Mr. Wraxall, the sponsor of the English edition, has made a great mistake in not adhering more closely to the title of the original volumes. Perhaps *Confidences of a Prestidigitator* would have been rather too large a mouthful for British readers, besides not being very intelligible; but, at any rate, there was no reason why he should have passed over the very significant *Vie d'Artiste* of M. Robert-Houdin's own title-page. By so doing he has, as it seems to us, just missed the point of the book. It is not upon having figured as conjuror, or even as ambassador, that M. Robert-Houdin piques himself, or would found his claim to introduce himself to the public in print. The title upon which he evidently prides himself is that of *artiste*, and it is the jaunty and undoubting way in which he supports the character that gives its peculiar air of genuineness to his book, and makes it uncommonly pleasant reading. The trait is, to be sure, more of a national than an individual one. To our matter-of-fact notions it seems an absurd piece of grandiloquence when a Frenchman, following some occupation which has nothing to do with art, gravely announces himself as an artist, and we wonder why he cannot be content with calling himself cook, or hair-dresser, or hatter, as the case may be—altogether forgetting that the magnitude of his pretensions and the excellence of his work are due to the same cause, his intense belief in himself and in his calling. It is no doubt amusing to find M. Robert-Houdin pointing out the various interpositions of Providence whereby he was saved from a solicitor's office and led to conjuring. But if he had not taken a serious view of the matter, it is highly improbable that he would have been now reposing on his laurels and a snug fortune, *facile princeps* among the professors of sleight-of-hand, and all without having had recourse in any instance to claptrap or puffery.

Having testified to the attractiveness of these volumes, we must, in common honesty, make the qualifying admission that

* *Confidences d'un Prestidigitateur*. Par Robert-Houdin. Une Vie d'Artiste. Paris: 1859.

Memoirs of Robert-Houdin, Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror. Written by Himself. London: Chapman and Hall. 1859.

their moral tendency, in one respect at least, is injurious. A more insidious book was never put into the hands of ingenuous youth. In the first place, it panders in an alarming degree to that juvenile idiosyncrasy which is generally described by the euphemism "a turn for mechanics," but may be more properly defined as destructiveness unnaturally developed by the premature presentation of a toy tool-chest. For young minds with this particular bias, whether they be at that stage of inventiveness which relieves itself by improvements in pop-guns, or in the more advanced galvanic battery and model steam-engine phase, there is a vast amount of stimulating matter in M. Robert-Houdin's account of his early days. And then, while they are as suggestive as the *Boy's Own Book* or the *Little Pyrotechnist*, these memoirs point their moral quite as distinctly as any biography of Harry and Tommy, and show that, if little boys pertinaciously follow their own bent in spite of parental opinion, they will be eminently successful in after-life. M. Robert-Houdin appears to have been from his earliest years a child of that temperament which leans to the ingenious rather than to the purely sensuous in toys, and prefers the Polytechnic to the Pantomime. His first ambition was to follow his father's trade—watchmaking. This, however, owing to the operation of a well known natural law which always interferes in the lives of remarkable men, was just the trade of all others his father had the strongest objection to; and he was bound to a solicitor, and by promises to give up the study of mechanism. "But," says M. Robert-Houdin, piously, "Providence, in its decrees, had traced out a very different route for me, and my stern resolutions were routed by a temptation too powerful for my courage." The temptation was a bird-cage full of canaries, which formed a part of the office furniture, and the cleaning of which was, for some reason, made a branch of his legal education. This, in his zeal for what he calls the comfort and amusement of the birds, he fitted with a system of pumps and treadmills, and other instruments of torture, which very likely mitigated the monotony of captivity, but, at any rate, displayed an ingenuity of a different sort from that required in the law. He was, in consequence, apprenticed to his cousin, a watchmaker—Destiny still keeping a sharp eye on him, as would appear by the fact that, when he went to a bookseller's to purchase a treatise on clock-making, he got, by mistake, a work on sleight of hand. In fact, his destiny seems never to have lost an opportunity of throwing every possible temptation in his way, until he was fairly established in that little theatre in the Palais Royal, which, no doubt, some of our readers remember in connexion with the *Soirées Fantastiques* de Robert-Houdin. His success from that period up to his Algerian mission and final retirement is unquestionably due solely to his own merits.

M. Robert-Houdin may be considered to have done for the art of conjuring—or, to speak more respectfully, prestidigitation—what Beau Brummel did for the dress of his day, in making simplicity and elegance his study, instead of the pompous, complicated style in fashion with his rivals. As far as we understand his mode of operation—for he does not reveal many of his secrets in the present volumes—the success of his tricks depended rather on his rare mechanical skill, and a nimbleness of finger acquired by long practice, than upon boxes with false bottoms, trap-doors, accomplices, and the other means generally employed to produce an illusion. From what he says on the subject, we gather that electricity was among the agents he employed. But probably there was nothing which stood him in so good stead as his knowledge of human nature. He always considered, he tells us, *le naturel et la simplicité* to be the bases of the art of producing illusions; and the first maxim he lays down is that "you must first gain the confidence of the person you wish to deceive." Another thing which the conjuror should bear in mind is "that it is easier to dupe a clever man than an ignorant one," and for this reason—that the former goes only to enjoy the performance, and the more completely he is deceived the better pleased he is; while the latter looks upon the tricks as a challenge offered to his intelligence, and the performer as an adversary whom he must overcome. Hence, our author argues, the patter, persiflage, and flourishes usually employed by professors who are not *artistes* are not merely useless, but absolutely detrimental to their success, for they serve merely to put the unintelligent spectator on his guard, and warn him that some deception is about to be practised on him. So rigidly, in fact, does he advocate purity of conjuring, that the solemnity of Bosco, the puffery of our own Wizard of the North, and even little complimentary speeches to the ladies—*compliments musqués*, as he calls them—are all involved in one common condemnation as unworthy of the true artist.

But all M. Robert-Houdin's triumphs, whether in Paris or in London, were thrown into the shade by his success in Algeria. The object of his mission was to counteract the influence exercised upon the Arabs by the Marabouts. This influence was mainly due to a belief in their supernatural power produced by very commonplace juggling tricks, and it was hoped that the performances of M. Robert-Houdin would astonish the natives so effectually as to convince them that in *diablerie*, as in everything else, the French were their superiors. The following may give some idea of the effect he produced:—

Many of my readers will remember having seen at my performances a small but solidly-built box, which, being handed to the spectators, becomes heavy or light at my order; a child might raise it with ease, and yet the most powerful man could not move it from its place.

I advanced, with my box in my hand, to the centre of the "practicable," communicating from the stage to the pit; then, addressing the Arabs, I said to them:

"From what you have witnessed, you will attribute a supernatural power to me, and you are right. I will give you a new proof of my marvellous authority, by showing that I can deprive the most powerful man of his strength and restore it at my will. Any one who thinks himself strong enough to try the experiment may draw near me." (I spoke slowly, in order to give the interpreter time to translate my words.)

An Arab of middle height, but well built and muscular, as many of the Arabs are, came to my side with sufficient assurance.

"Are you very strong?" I said to him, measuring him from head to foot.

"Oh yes!" he replied, carelessly.

"Are you sure you will always remain so?"

"Quite sure."

"You are mistaken, for in an instant I will rob you of your strength, and you shall become as a little child."

The Arab smiled disdainfully, as a sign of his incredulity.

"Stay," I continued; "lift up this box."

The Arab stooped, lifted up the box, and said to me, coldly, "Is that all?"

"Wait —!" I replied.

Then, with all possible gravity, I made an imposing gesture, and solemnly pronounced the words:

"Behold! you are weaker than a woman; now, try to lift the box."

The Hercules, quite cool as to my conjuration, seized the box once again by the handle, and gave it a violent tug, but this time the box resisted, and, spite of his most vigorous attacks, would not budge an inch.

The Arab vainly expended on this unlucky box a strength which would have raised an enormous weight, until, at length, exhausted, panting, and red with anger, he stopped, became thoughtful, and began to comprehend the influences of magic.

He was on the point of withdrawing; but that would be allowing his weakness, and that he, hitherto respected for his vigour, had become as a little child. This thought rendered him almost mad.

Deriving fresh strength from the encouragements his friends offered him by word and deed, he turned a glance round them, which seemed to say: "You will see what a son of the desert can do."

He bent once again over the box: his nervous hands twined round the handle, and his legs, placed on either side like two bronze columns, served as a support for the final effort.

But, wonder of wonders! this Hercules, a moment since so strong and proud, now bows his head; his arms, riveted to the box, undergo a violent muscular contraction; his legs give way, and he falls on his knees with a yell of agony!

An electric shock, produced by an inductive apparatus, had been passed, on a signal from me, from the further end of the stage into the handle of the box. Hence the contortions of the poor Arab!

It would have been cruelty to prolong this scene.

I gave a second signal, and the electric current was immediately intercepted. My athlete, disengaged from his terrible bondage, raised his hands over his head.

"Allah! Allah!" he exclaimed, full of terror; then, wrapping himself up quickly in the folds of his burnous, as if to hide his disgrace, he rushed through the ranks of the spectators and gained the front entrance.

With the exception of my stage-boxes and the privileged spectators, who appeared to take great pleasure in this experiment, my audience had become grave and silent, and I heard the words "Shaitan!" "Djenoun!" passing in a murmur round the circle of credulous men, who, while gazing on me, seemed astonished that I possessed none of the physical qualities attributed to the angel of darkness.

This, and his catching between his teeth a pistol-bullet fired at him—a peculiarly valuable trick, as invulnerability was a strong point with the Marabouts—made such an impression that a deputation of the chiefs formally presented him with what was no doubt equivalent to the freedom of the desert, in the form of a complimentary document.

On the whole, M. Robert-Houdin's memoirs form an unquestionably amusing book. His great merit as a writer lies in his vivacity, but, at the same time, he gives evidence of higher powers; and the way in which he tells the story of Torrini, his preceptor in the art of conjuring, leads us to suspect that he could, if he chose, write a by no means despicable novel. Of course such a book must necessarily lose some of its flavour in a translation, but we are bound to say that Mr. Wrexall has performed his task with great skill, and that those who, from indolence or other reasons, are disinclined to take up the original volumes, will find the spirit very faithfully preserved in his version.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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aid and encouragement.

The Works to be executed by the Company, are declared by the Concession to be privileged
Works of the State, and as such entitled to special facilities and advantages.

The Concession provides for the drainage of the City in three separate districts;—and
also for extension of the drainage beyond the limits of the present plan, when the rate to be
paid to the Company by the Government for the additional area shall amount to 8 per
cent. per annum on the further outlay. Power will be taken to raise additional capital for
this purpose should it be required.

The Plans for the proposed Works were prepared by Mr. Gotto, C.E., upon a careful
examination of the locality, and have been adopted by the Brazilian Government, after
having been submitted by them, through His Excellency Le Comandante de Carvalho
Moreira, then and now their Minister in London, to Sir William Cubitt, the late Mr.
Robert Stephenson, M.P., and the late Mr. Bence, by whom they were approved and
reported upon. A copy of these Reports and of the Concession, may be seen on application
to the Solicitors or Brokers.

Provision by means of a guaranteed contract with responsible contractors has been
made for completion of the whole of the works (including the drainage of 14,501 houses) for
a sum which, together with the cost of the Concession, including the original surveys,
detailed and other drawings, and preliminary expenses (£38,000), and with engineering,
administration, and all other charges during construction, both here and in Rio, as also
interest at 7 per cent. per annum on Calls during the progress of the works, will fall within
the capital of £200,000.

The Brazilian Government is bound, by legislative enactment, to pay to the Company 42
milreis per annum, which, at the par of exchange of 22d. amounts to £4 14s. 6d. for every
house now erected or hereafter built within the three districts during the term of the
Concession, such payment to be made half-yearly for all the houses, whether occupied
or not.

The number of houses, according to the last returns, amounted in June, 1856, to 13,736;
and adding the average number of houses yearly built in the City, there will be, on the
completion of the works (within the three districts) at least 14,501 houses (the number
provided for in the Contract) from which the revenue of the Company will arise.

The amount to be received upon 14,501 houses will alone produce a gross income to the
Company of £70,380.

In addition to the above drainage payment on houses, the Municipality of Rio is bound
to pay a yearly sum of 12,000 milreis (£1356) for cleansing and maintaining in working order
the rain-water sewers.

As regards the annual working expenses, a guaranteed Contract has been entered into
with the same Contractors who are to execute the works, for keeping them in perfect
repair, and for working the system for a period of 31 years, for a sum of £11,000 per annum,
leaving only the administration to be added; and thus securing a clear net income
exceeding 84 per cent. per annum on the capital of £200,000.

To the above must be added the important profits to accrue to the Company from the
exclusive right, which the Concession accords, of executing on account of the house
proprietors and municipality, and at their expense, all extra drainage works connected
with the houses and City. The growing commercial and social importance of Rio, and the
rapid increase of its population, render it obvious that the profit arising from this source
must be considerable.

As the number of houses increase in the three districts, additional Capital for Draining
them will be raised (the option of taking that Capital being reserved to the Shareholders),
and thereby a further additional per centage will attach to the whole of the Capital
invested in the Undertaking, inasmuch as the main outlet sewers are included in the
Contract already entered into.

Applications for Shares are to be made in the annexed form, addressed to the Brokers,
but no application will be considered unless accompanied by the receipt of Messrs. Glyn,
Mills, and Co., for £1 per Share on the number of Shares applied for. This Deposit will be
returned in the event of the application not being accepted; and, if an allotment is
made, it will be applied towards the Deposit of £3 per Share then payable.

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FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of the Rio de Janeiro Drainage Company, Limited.

GENTLEMEN.—I request you to allot me Shares of £20 each in the proposed under-
taking, and I accept the same on the following number that may be allotted to me, and agree to
pay the Deposit of £3 per Share allotted; and in the event of my failure herein, I agree to
refund the Deposit now made, and I authorise you to cancel the allotment; or to enter my
name in the Register of Shareholders.

Name.....
Profession or Business.....
Address.....
Date.....

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The Profits will be divided in every Fifth year after the 25th March next.
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